

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.

No. 324.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND ADMIRAL BROWN; OR, WORKING FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



The boats came together and the attack was made. Old King Brady seized the man amidships, who struck at him with a calking mallet, while the man in the bow struck at Harry with an oar.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition; with specimen letters.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, March 1, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1905, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 324.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND ADMIRAL BROWN

OR,

Working for the United States Navy.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

A MIDNIGHT CALL FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

In this story of the adventures of those famous detectives, the Bradys, in connection with the battleship case, we wish it distinctly understood that the names of all parties connected with the matter are assumed.

Even the name of the new battleship which figures in the story is false.

This is necessarily so for various reasons, as will be seen as the story advances.

And the same secrecy must be observed as to the date of these happenings.

It is only by promising these precautions that we have received permission from the Naval Department to disclose these events at all.

Our story begins with a certain night in the month of April, upon which the Bradys received a post-midnight call.

At this time the famous detectives were living in the old brown-stone house on the west side of Washington Square, where for a number of years they have kept bachelor's hall.

It was a dull time with the Bradys.

For several weeks previous they had been in town with nothing particular to do.

On this night Old King Brady retired early, while Harry, who had attended the meeting of a lodge to which he belongs, came in about eleven o'clock, and after smoking a cigar in the library, turned in about twelve.

Formerly Old King Brady had a night-bell in his room, but Harry insisted that it should be transferred to his apartment, in order that the old detective need not be unnecessarily disturbed.

It was Harry who was disturbed that night.

At one o'clock the bell over the head of his bed rang furiously.

Young King Brady was awake in an instant.

Throwing aside the covers, he sprang up and hurried to a speaking tube which connects with the vestibule.

"Well?" he demanded. "Who is it? What's wanted?"

"I wish to speak with one of the Bradys," came the reply in a deep voice.

"You will have to give your name and state your business."

"Are you one of the detectives?"

"I am Young King Brady."

"Is Old King Brady at home?"

"He is and asleep in his bed. He will not be awakened without excellent reason."

"Young man, the case is most pressing. I do not wish to call out my name here, for I have every reason to believe that I have been shadowed all the way from Washington, from which city I have just arrived. I can only tell you that this is Government business, and that I am a high official. I should not have disturbed you at this unusual hour without good cause."

There was a certain dignity in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, which carried conviction to Young King Brady's mind.

"I'll come down," he said. "If you don't want to be seen, close the vestibule door."

"It is already closed," was the reply. "I will wait here."

The Bradys, we may mention, always leave their vestibule open in anticipation of these night calls.

Harry made a hasty toilette and ran downstairs.

Turning up the hall gas, he opened the door to admit a tall, elderly gentleman of distinguished appearance.

His face was to a certain extent familiar to Harry. It seemed as if he had seen the man before, but where he could not tell.

The visitor was pretty well disguised as far as his face went.

He wore a long overcoat with the collar turned up about his face.

A muffler and a slouch felt hat did the rest.

"Will you step inside?" said Harry. "I assume that you wish to consult us about a case."

"I wish to see Old King Brady," was the reply.

"You will have to explain your business to me first. As I said before, I shall not awaken Old King Brady without good cause."

"Very well," replied the gentleman, and he followed Harry into the library.

"I would like to have you see if this house is being watched," he said as Harry turned up the gas.

"I will do so. Be seated, please."

Young King Brady went to the front window and peered through the slats of the blinds.

There were several men visible in Washington Square.

All appeared to be on the move, however.

There was nothing to indicate that anyone was spying upon the house.

"I see no one, sir," he reported, returning to the library then.

"It is possible that I have given them the slip," said the gentleman. "I dismissed my cab at the corner of Carmine street and Sixth avenue, walking the rest of the way. That another cab was following us from the Desbrosses street ferry is certain, but those in it may not have seen me get out. I took a good deal of pains."

"Be seated, sir, and tell me your business," said Young King Brady.

"My business can only be told to your partner," was the reply. "I am the Secretary of the Navy. Slocomb is my name."

Young King Brady did not drop dead, nor did he show any particular surprise.

"I presume you can prove your assertion," he said. "This is a very unusual hour for a person of your consequence to be——"

"To be wandering about the streets of New York," interrupted the gentleman. "You are quite right, young man. I came prepared for some such reception as this. Here is a bunch of letters addressed to me. Here is my photograph. Examine these things, please."

"That is enough, sir," replied Harry, quietly. "Please be seated. I will call Old King Brady at once."

Young King Brady hurried to his partner's room, to which he has admission at all times.

"Governor! Wake up!" he said, laying his hand upon Old King Brady's shoulder.

The old detective was sitting up in bed on the instant.

"Harry!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"A gentleman downstairs. He rang the night-bell. He

says he is the Secretary of the Navy—Slocomb, and I think it's straight."

"Very well. I'll be right down. Did he say what he wanted?"

"No. He refuses to talk with me."

"Very well. What time is it?"

"Half-past one."

"Go back and tell the gentleman that I will wait on him at once."

In less than six minutes Old King Brady walked into the library in his usual quaint dress.

He wore a long blue coat with brass buttons cut in antique style.

A high pointed collar and old-fashioned stock added to the peculiarity of his appearance.

It needed only the old, broad-brimmed white felt hat to complete his make-up.

Secretary Slocomb smiled as he rose and shook hands.

"I see that you are the genuine article," he said. "I am a stranger to you, Mr. Brady, but I have seen you in the Secret Service Bureau at Washington several times since I have been in office. This young man is your partner, I presume?"

"My partner and pupil, Young King Brady, or Harry, as he is named."

"And I have to thank Harry for his prompt response to my call," replied the secretary. "But now to get down to business. This is a very important matter, as you will soon perceive."

"I am all ready, sir."

"Oblige me by going over that bunch of letters as rapidly as possible," continued the secretary.

The letters were produced from the inside pocket of his vest.

They were not original documents.

All were typewritten, and each one marked "copy."

Old King Brady threw himself into an easy chair, and having read the first letter, tossed it over to Harry.

"Excuse me, but this is entirely a private matter, Mr. Brady," the secretary said.

"I have no secrets from my partner," was the brief reply.

The secretary said no more until Old King Brady had finished reading the last letter.

Then he stood up and facing the old detective asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Do you want my candid opinion?" inquired Old King Brady.

"I do."

"Then I decline to give it unless I am actually engaged on the case, and not then until I am frankly told who the writer of those letters is."

"Will you take the case?"

"For the Secret Service Bureau, or for the Naval Department?"

"You will take the matter up for the United States Navy, Mr. Brady, under my direction."

"I am willing. I shall want a regular commission. I have done work for Uncle Sam before, and outside of the Secret Service Bureau I find him slow pay."

"I will personally guarantee your bill if you will take this matter up without waiting for me to start you off in an official way. You see yourself there is no time for that."

"None. I should be on my way across the continent now."

"Exactly. Well, what do you say?"

"Give me your guarantee in writing and I am ready."

"You shall have it," was the reply.

Harry then produced pen and paper, and the guarantee was drawn up and signed.

"And now for your opinion of this business," said the secretary.

"It is one of two things," replied Old King Brady. "Either Admiral Brown is crazy or some organized gang is plotting to destroy the new battleship Arizona before she leaves the ways."

"Exactly, but which?"

"I should say both."

Secretary Slocomb began pacing the floor.

"There isn't the least doubt about your being right," he said in an agitated way. "Brown should at once be relieved of the charge of the Mare Island Navy Yard."

"I disagree with you," replied Old King Brady, quietly.

"How? Disagree with me! Why, you just said the man was crazy and I fully agree with you as to that."

"So much the more reason why his suspicions should not be aroused. Let him stay as he is until we can get in our work. You see, he wants us."

"Yes, yes! But those letters? His wild talk about elementary spirits being banded together to hinder his work. The man is plainly mad."

"Nevertheless, the damage already done to the battleship must be real, or you would not be here."

"Oh, it is real."

"You have proof of this?"

"Absolute proof."

"In what form does it come to you?"

"I have been so informed by the chief engineer of the navy yard."

"You have his letters with you?"

"Unfortunately not. I did not consider it necessary to bring them. They are on file at Washington. My assertion should be enough."

"It is enough. What does the chief engineer say about Admiral Brown?"

"Nothing at all. He avoids even the mention of his name."

"Wise man. Well, we keep these letters, I suppose?"

"I had rather not."

"It is not necessary. Harry, copy the directions in that last letter. That is all we really need."

"I am greatly relieved that you don't want me to remove the admiral from the charge of the navy yard," said the secretary. "I thought that would be the first thing you would advise."

"No, no! He seems to be crazy, but it may prove otherwise."

"I can't see how. The admiral is a connection of Senator Glenn, of Illinois, one of my most intimate friends. For me to turn upon him would lead to all sorts of personal trouble."

"I am sorry not to have seen the original documents in the case," said Old King Brady. "Are you certain that Admiral Brown ever wrote those letters?"

"It must be so."

"Are you familiar with his handwriting?"

"The originals were typewritten, Mr. Brady."

"Then you cannot be certain."

"Do you doubt that he wrote them?"

"I neither doubt nor believe. I am merely raising the question."

"I can't see that the letters are open to question. They are signed by the admiral."

"There is such a thing as forgery."

"Oh, of course you can raise all kinds of doubts in the matter."

"I shall raise no more. The matter is certainly one which needs immediate investigation if the damage to the battleship is real."

"Well, it is real, and it will cost the Government many thousand dollars to make it good."

"Very well. We'll take hold."

"When?"

"As soon as we can get to San Francisco."

"When shall you start?"

"The first thing to-morrow morning."

"That is certainly prompt enough. You will meet the admiral secretly as he proposes in his last letter?"

"I think so now. I cannot answer that question without thought."

"I am greatly relieved."

"One question, Mr. Slocomb," put in Harry. "What made you think you were being shadowed?"

"A cab followed mine from the Desbrosses street ferry as I told you. I am certain that my house in Washington has been watched, and that I have been shadowed from place to place for the last week. That is why I arranged to get here at this hour."

"Very possibly you are right," said Old King Brady. "If this is a deep-laid plot of labor unions or anarchists that is the way they would go to work. But I can hardly believe it is the former. However, we shall see."

And here the interview practically ended.

A little later and the Secretary of the Navy took his departure.

Harry accompanied him to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, but saw no signs of his being shadowed during the trip.

Once more the Bradys were on the move and this time their move took them across the continent.

They left on the first train next morning via Pittsburg and Omaha, arriving in San Francisco without delay or mishap.

CHAPTER II.

OLD KING BRADY BEGINS WORK.

The one thing which made Old King Brady suspect the genuineness of the letters purporting to be from Admiral Brown and addressed officially to the Naval Department was the suggestion that the Bradys be employed to ferret out the perpetrators of the various supposed damaging accidents which had occurred on the new battleship Arizona, and the secrecy which it was suggested that the detectives observe in approaching their work.

It seemed to Old King Brady a very unusual thing for an admiral in the United States Navy to even suggest that outsiders be brought in on such a case, when the work properly belonged to the Secret Service Bureau.

While another and less experienced detective would have been immensely flattered at such a call, Old King Brady felt that it was highly suspicious to say the least, and it was a matter of wonder to him that the secretary did not see it in the same way.

Then as to the suggested arrangements for meeting Admiral Brown and beginning with their work.

But we had best quote the paragraph in the admiral's last letter covering that, which Harry copied.

It read as follows:

"If the Bradys consent to come, and you decide to send them, too much secrecy can hardly be observed. They had better wire me from Sacramento as to the hour they expect to arrive. Let them at once proceed to Megg's wharf, where a Government tug will meet them. This tug will take them up the bay and I will meet it either on another tug—a private one—or in my private launch. On no account let them come openly to the navy yard. This is essential, and they should be made to understand it."

There were some further directions, but they are not of sufficient importance to be noted here.

That an admiral in the United States Navy should adopt such a course seemed very strange to Old King Brady, and he said as much to Harry again and again.

But then there was the theory that Admiral Brown was actually mad.

If such was the case then that would account for it all.

Of course, the Bradys discussed the case in all its bearings during their long ride across the continent.

Long before they reached Sacramento they had decided upon their course.

Here the telegram was sent, but it was a misleading one.

It informed the admiral that the Bradys would, barring accidents, be on Megg's wharf at exactly ten o'clock, and was so worded as to convey the idea that they would go directly upon the arrival of the train.

It was just the reverse.

The detectives arranged at Sacramento to have their telegram held back, and instead of arriving in San Francisco at night they got there at one o'clock in the afternoon.

"And now, Harry, you get to the Russ House and stay there," said Old King Brady, when they left the train. "I will proceed to post myself about this admiral, and you may look for me in good time to get to the wharf."

So Harry went one way, and Old King Brady the other.

The old detective had changed his costume before leaving the car.

Not that he was in disguise, but simply that he dressed himself as a respectable elderly gentleman should, and the old blue coat and the white hat were cut out.

Old King Brady steered straight for Chinatown, which he knows better than many full-fledged Friscans.

He charged down Dupont street post-haste, and turning up Jackson skirted along the Barbary Coast, as San Francisco's Tenderloin is called, until he came to Taylor street.

Here he rang the bell of a shabby little frame house.

His ring was answered by a slatternly looking woman, whose sour face seemed to indicate that she led anything but a happy life.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Brady, is it?" she exclaimed. "Step right inside. I don't suppose you want to be seen. Steve is expecting you. I only hope that you can get him to talk."

"Is he as bad as ever, Mrs. Murley?" asked the old detective, kindly.

"Worse," replied the woman. "I do wish you would talk to him. Upon my word, Mr. Brady, we are in a fair way to starve to death. I wish we had never left New York."

"It was certainly a mistake as far as you are concerned," replied the old detective, kindly. "There you had friends; here I suppose it is different."

"I haven't a friend in the city," replied the woman bitterly. "As for Steve, he is either doped or drunk the whole time when he isn't working, and never a cent do I see when he is."

"You'll be leaving him some of these days, Mrs. Murley," said the old detective.

"That's what I will, and before very long," was the reply. "But you can go right upstairs. You know the room. You will find Steve on the bed."

A moment later and Old King Brady, without knocking, walked into the front room, where, sprawled upon the bed, deep in the dope, lay Stephen Morley, once one of the brightest Pinkerton detectives in New York, but now operating on his own account in San Francisco when he could get any work to do.

The room was littered with newspapers carelessly thrown about, and the wretched furnishing combined with the fact that the window was shut, although the day was by no means cool, made it a most uninviting place.

The old detective strode to the window, threw down the top sash, and with a sigh of relief turned to the half-dressed wreck of a man who lay sprawled upon the bed.

"Murley!" he cried, shaking him vigorously. "Murley! Wake up!"

"It was with some difficulty that he succeeded in arousing the man.

At last Murley opened his eyes and sat up on the bed.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "This Wednesday? I thought it was only Tuesday."

"Come, come, brace up!" said Old King Brady. "You received my wire from New York?"

"Yes."

"Do anything?"

"Oh, yes. I guess I can tell you what you want to know, but I must pull myself together first."

"Do it quick then. I have no time to lose. What are you hitting now? Whisky, opium, cocaine, or what?"

"It's morphine this time," replied Murley, producing a hypodermic syringe.

He bared his arm, which was a horrible sight to look upon from the hypodermic scars.

Then the poor wretch injected the poison which was slowly killing him.

Old King Brady could not help pitying him.

But he was in no mood to deliver a moral lecture. He had done that many times before with this man, and he was aware that it never did the slightest good.

But in spite of his habits Steve Murley knew his business, and was able to keep himself in dope long enough to attend to it if he chose to do so.

The effects of the morphine were immediate.

Murley's eyes began to glisten.

He seized the water pitcher and drank freely.

In a moment he was another man.

"Well, Brady, so here you are!" he exclaimed. "Give me a cigar and I will tell you what I have learned. You could not have hit a better man than me; it seems that Admiral Brown is right in my line."

"A dope fiend?"

"Even so."

"I suspected as much. Don't be bashful, Steve. Take all the cigars there are in the case. I'll fill it up later. Now fire away."

"Well," said Murley, lighting one cigar and pocketing the rest, "as soon as I got your telegram I went right to work. I had a friend at the Army and Navy Club, whose name I won't mention, and I called on him. He soon put me wise on the admiral. For the last six months the man has been smoking in the joints, and neglecting his business. This he kept up until about two months ago, when he disappeared and was gone two weeks. All at once he

turned up at the Navy Yard again as bright as a button, and there he has been ever since. The chances are he took the cure, for he certainly has not hit the hop since."

"And he is there now?"

"He was day before yesterday."

"Has he ever shown any signs of insanity?"

"Well, he did while he was hitting the pipe. It got so bad that a meeting of the officers was held, and they seriously discussed reporting him, which is a good deal for naval officers to do, you know."

"I know. Nothing was done?"

"I understand not. Then he disappeared, and it ended as I tell you."

"And that is all?"

"All I learned about the admiral."

"And the chief engineer, McDonald?"

"He attends to his business, and is highly thought of."

"Good! You have done just what I wanted you to do, and have saved me a lot of time. Did you ever meet the admiral in the joints?"

"Well, I can't say. Of course, he never traveled under his own name or in uniform. If I could see his picture I might recognize it."

"You didn't succeed in getting a picture, then?"

"No."

"Well, I fared better, although I only had a moment to spare after I took the case."

"And what is the case, if I may ask, Brady?"

"Of course, I can't tell you. We are working for the United States Navy. You ought not to ask."

"Cut it out. Got that picture with you?"

"Yes."

"Let's have a look at it."

Old King Brady produced a picture of the admiral in full uniform.

Murley studied it long and critically.

"Yes, I have seen him in a joint," he replied, handing it back.

"Lately?"

"Yes, lately."

"How lately?"

"Brady, I am going to surprise you, for I am surprised myself. I've seen him within a week."

"That knocks your story of his reform sky-high."

"Yes."

"What do you think about it?"

"Don't know what to think. I shall have to hit the investigation again."

"You are in no shape to do it."

"I beg your pardon. I am in just the shape to do it. Why do you hire me? Because I can smoke and still keep my wits about me if I try. I'm worth two of you when it comes to an opium case, and you know it blamed well."

"It will be a long day before I qualify myself for an opium case the way you have done, Steve Murley."

"Ta! ta! No lectures, if you please. You've been talking to the old woman. Want me to go ahead?"

"Yes."

"There's something else to be said besides that, Brady."

"Well?"

"Cough up!"

"I hate to give you a cent till your job is done, but I suppose I shall have to."

"That's the surest thing you know," replied Murley, with a grin. "But you needn't be afraid of me. I won't go back on you. Cough up now, old man."

"Twenty-five?"

"That will do for a starter, but it don't cover this new job."

Old King Brady counted out twenty-five dollars, and handed it to the hop fiend.

"You want to give some of that to your wife," he said, as he rose to go.

"Not a blamed cent," was the brutal reply.

Without a word Old King Brady left the house.

"Pah! It's good to get out of that room," he muttered, as he strode down Taylor street. "It's hard to have to use such tools, but in this case it is indispensable. So Admirable Brown is a hop fiend! Well, I thought so from the first."

CHAPTER III.

THE BRADYS KNOCKED OUT.

Old King Brady went directly to the Russ House, and remained there the rest of the day.

With the money he had given Detective Murley directions to report there if he learned anything, but the evening advanced and the detective did not come.

Promptly at ten o'clock the Bradys presented themselves at Megg's wharf.

The watchman in charge was instantly at their side.

"You are the two gentlemen who are expecting to meet a tug here this evening?" he said.

"That's right," replied Old King Brady. "Are we ahead of time?"

"No," was the reply. "The tug is lying off in the bay. There's a man here waiting to take youse off in a boat. Come this way, please."

The Bradys were led to the end of the wharf.

A small boat pulled by a young man in naval uniform lay alongside.

"Is this Mr. Brady?" he demanded as the watchman looked down from the wharf.

"I am here," replied the old detective. "You come from Admiral Brown?"

"Yes, sir. You are to come right aboard and I will take you to the tug."

The Bradys climbed down into the boat and were pulled out to the tug.

The captain came forward to receive them, which he did with every show of respect.

"You will come right into the cabin, gentlemen," he said. "The admiral directed me to say that he thought you had better keep yourselves close, as there is no telling whether we may be watched or not."

"And we shall adopt the admiral's suggestion," replied Old King Brady. "I suppose we start at once?"

"Right away, sir."

"And where do we meet the admiral?"

"That I can't tell, sir. Somewhere between here and Vallejo. Do you wish for something to eat? The cook can serve you in the cabin if you like."

"No, we have dined, and wish for nothing," replied the old detective.

A few minutes later and the tug was forging up the bay.

"It seems all straight so far, Governor," remarked Harry, as the Bradys lighted cigars.

"I never supposed it would be otherwise," replied the old detective. "This is certainly a government tug. If there is a nigger in the fence we have not advanced far enough to meet him yet."

"You still think that?"

"I do."

"You place more confidence in that wretched dope fiend than I should."

"That's because I know him better than you do. Murley is as keen as a needle. He knows every opium joint in Frisco."

"So do you?"

"Too well, unfortunately, and the keepers know me."

"Still, I think you could do as well as that fellow."

"You are wrong, Harry. Very likely I could in the end, but we can't be up at Mare Island and in Frisco too."

"That's so. I suppose it is well enough to have someone working the joints while we are getting started; all the same——"

"Now, that's enough!" broke in Old King Brady, impatiently.

It is not often that the old detective finds occasion to call his partner down.

It is only due to Harry to say that he takes it very quietly on such occasions.

The Bradys now turned their conversation to other matters.

It was a beautiful evening, and the green treeless hills of the Bay of San Francisco had never looked more beautiful than they did that night.

In and out among them the tug forged its way, following their many windings until at last the detectives were attracted by two whistles sharply blown.

The tug answered with one whistle.

"I guess that means business for us," remarked Old King Brady. "I think I'll go out and see."

They opened the cabin door and passed out on deck. A small tug was rapidly approaching them, and in a moment came alongside.

The sailors on this tug wore no uniform.

"Have the gents come?" the captain called.

"They are right here," replied the captain of the Bradys' tug, which had now stopped.

"They are to come right aboard," was the answer, and the Bradys passed to the other tug.

They were received by a young Japanese who politely escorted them to the cabin.

Here at the end of a long table sat a middle-aged man in citizen's dress.

At once the Bradys recognized his resemblance to the picture of Admiral Brown.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," he said, haughtily, and without rising. "Be seated. Yama, you can leave us. We are not to be disturbed."

The Bradys seated themselves at the table, and waited for the admiral to speak.

This he did not do for several minutes, pretending to be busy with certain papers which he had spread out before him.

It was evident that Admiral Brown proposed to stand on his dignity, and was not going to be altogether an easy man to deal with.

But Old King Brady was glad of the delay.

It gave him an opportunity to study the admiral.

"That man never used opium to excess in his life," he said to himself. "There is some mystery here."

Most carefully Old King Brady studied the man's features.

The resemblance to the face in the photograph was too perfect to admit of mistake.

Old King Brady felt satisfied that he was actually in the presence of Admiral Brown.

At last the admiral pushed his papers to one side, and turned to the detectives.

"Now, gentlemen, I am ready to talk to you," he said. "You have been prompt to respond to my last call, though it is long enough since my first."

"We have no knowledge of the dates of your calls, admiral," replied Old King Brady. "We started for San Francisco a few hours after receiving orders from Secretary Slocomb."

"Oh, that is it."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, it is the secretary who is to blame. Between my last letter and the one which preceded it there was a lapse of two weeks. Much might have been done in that time."

"With that we have had nothing to do, admiral."

"So it seems. Well, now that you are here, what? I suppose you want to know all about these explosions and accidents before you begin your work?"

"We are here to be instructed."

"And I shall proceed to tell you. Pay strict attention, please. What is that you are doing, young man? Preparing to take notes? I cannot permit it! I do not wish to go on record in these matters."

"My partner is accustomed to take notes in such cases," said Old King Brady. "It is done in cipher. No one can read it but ourselves."

"I cannot permit it," said the admiral sternly.

"Harry, put up your note-book," ordered the old detective.

The admiral then launched out and told of the happenings on board the Arizona.

It is not necessary to detail all he said.

Enough to state that he told of three explosions which had taken place in the hold of the new battleship, each exceedingly damaging, and greatly retarding the work.

Besides these happenings, there were four mysterious accidents on the Arizona.

A crane had broken injuring several men, and putting back the work for weeks.

On two occasions fire had been discovered on board the new battleship.

Although quickly extinguished in each case, much damage had been done.

While working in the hold the master mechanic had met with a serious accident.

A heavy iron bar had mysteriously dropped on his head.

The accident laid the man up for two weeks, and nearly cost him his life, also causing much delay.

Several similar mishaps were detailed.

Admiral Brown went into full particulars and freely answered all the questions put by Old King Brady.

He seemed most anxious to get at the root of the trouble, and certainly could not be accused of holding anything back.

Still, he was offensively dictatorial in his manner, and the interview was a trying one.

In the meanwhile the tug was moving slowly up the bay.

Old King Brady wondered at the slow progress they were making, and remarked upon it at last.

"I do not wish to reach the navy yard until we have thoroughly canvassed these matters," replied the admiral, loftily. "We are running at reduced speed by my orders. Now, gentlemen, you know all that I have to tell. What do you propose to do?"

"It seems to me," said Old King Brady, "that the best thing we can do is to let my partner engage as a workman on the Arizona. By mingling with the men he will have the best chance to get information. In the meantime I will work on the outside. How does this plan strike you?"

"It is for you to say," replied the admiral. "I am not the kind of man to hire a horse and then do the pulling myself."

"If that is to be done it would be just as well if we were not seen about the navy yard. Will it be possible for us

to go aboard the Arizona to-night and look the ground over?"

"Yes; it can be arranged."

"Good! Then I will return to San Francisco, my partner remaining in Vallejo. To-morrow he will apply for work."

"Very well. If he applies for work to-morrow he will get it. Now may I ask what opinion you have formed?"

"Well, admiral, I can't say that I have formed any as yet. These happenings may be the result of labor troubles."

"We have had no labor troubles at the Mare Island navy yard."

"Or they may be the work of anarchists."

"That is more probable."

"So I grant you."

"At all events it is up to us to find out."

"Exactly. And you had best get right to work. We are now nearing Mare Island. Will you join me in a glass of wine?"

"Well, admiral, when we are out for business we generally keep pretty close to the water wagon," replied Old King Brady. "If you will excuse us, I think not."

"As you will," replied the admiral carelessly. "It is my time to indulge. Perhaps you will take a cup of coffee and a bit of cheese just to keep me company."

To this Old King Brady assented.

The admiral rang the bell and the Jap appeared.

To the surprise of the detectives the admiral addressed him in his own language.

Yama departed and presently returned with a bottle of champagne, a pot of coffee, and a plate of crackers and cheese.

He uncorked the bottle, poured out the wine for the admiral, and then filled two small cups with coffee for the Bradys.

"Well, here's good health," said the admiral, raising his glass. "Gentlemen, I wish you every success."

Admiral Brown tossed off his wine at one gulp, and Harry drained his cup.

Old King Brady, on the contrary, after taking a sip of his coffee, set it down and began to eat the cheese.

This the admiral did not observe, apparently, for he had already arisen from his chair.

"Excuse me a moment. I have some matters to attend to," he said. "I'll be right back."

He passed out of the cabin, closing the door behind him.

Instantly Old King Brady sprang to his feet.

"Harry!" he exclaimed, "what have you done? As sure as we live that coffee has been drugged. Didn't you observe the peculiar taste?"

Harry made no answer.

His face was deathly white; he fell back in his chair, staring at the old detective in a confused way.

"Heavens! what shall I do?" gasped Old King Brady. "Even the drop I swallowed has set my head spinning."

He tore open his coat and fumbling in his pockets produced a small, flat vial.

Uncorking this, he forced a portion of the liquid it contained between Harry's set lips.

"Governor, I'm done for!" gasped Young King Brady then.

He was swaying from side to side, and now he fell face forward to the floor.

Old King Brady, seizing his coffee cup, dashed its contents into a corner, and then bent down over Harry.

It was a bad move.

If the old detective had maintained an upright position he might have held his own.

As it was a terrible vertigo seized him.

Before he could recover himself and apply the same remedy he had administered to Harry, which he ought to have done in the first place, he lost his balance and fell over his partner.

"It is worse than I thought," he murmured, trying to raise himself.

The effort was fruitless.

Consciousness left him.

The last Old King Brady remembered was seeing the door open and Yama the Jap peering in.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD KING BRADY'S CLOSE CALL.

If Old King Brady had followed Harry's example and turned down his cup of coffee offhand, there is no telling what the result might have been.

As it was, the duration of the old detective's unconsciousness was only for a few moments.

And yet to all intents and purposes he lay there dead to the world.

And dead Harry actually would have been but for the antidote administered by his partner.

The possession of this antidote was due to a lucky accident, and this we must turn aside to relate.

Some months before, while in San Francisco, it came in Old King Brady's way to save the life of a young Japanese under very peculiar circumstances, which cannot be gone into here.

The man was very grateful, and calling on the detective later at his hotel, after thanking him again and again for the service he had performed, he disclosed the fact that he was the son of a Japanese physician.

He asked the detective about his work, and gradually the conversation turned to the subject of poisons and their relation to crime.

This is a matter to which the old detective has given a great deal of attention, and he inquired as to the special poisons known to the Japanese.

His visitor then named one which produced almost immediate unconsciousness, followed by death in the course of a short time, which left absolutely no trace behind.

The name he gave was strange to Old King Brady, being in Japanese, and the young man was unable to give its English equivalent.

Indeed, he stated that the poison was unknown outside of Japan and China, where it was frequently made use of by designing persons to get rid of their enemies.

A few days later the Jap called on Old King Brady again, and presenting him with a small, flat vial of thick glass, informed him that it contained the antidote to the poison he had spoken of.

He advised Old King Brady to keep it by him, for the poison was as well known to the Chinese as the Japanese, and he thought that the old detective might find occasion to use it in his work among the race.

Thus Old King Brady came into possession of his little vial, and luckily he remembered it at this trying time, putting this and that together, and connecting Yama the Jap with the treacherous act.

But to return.

Recovering his wits, Old King Brady found himself lying on the cabin floor with his eyes open, Yama and the tug captain bending over him and Harry lying by his side.

The old detective was in full possession of his senses, but every muscle appeared to be paralyzed.

Of course he made no attempt to move, and he felt that he could not have done so if he had tried.

"The captain and the Jap were discussing his case.

"Do you think he is all right?" asked the captain. "He doesn't look as white as the other one."

"It is sure all right," replied the Jap in broken English. "I know my business. I never fail."

"Then we had best carry out the admiral's orders at once."

"The sooner the better. What we do must be done in the dark."

"Joe!" shouted the captain. "Oh, Joe!"

A young man appeared.

He was a red-headed, freckled-faced person with a hardened face.

"Is the boat ready?" demanded the captain.

"All ready, boss."

"Then get the shot and tie it to the heels of the young feller. You take him off first."

"Do I go alone, cap?"

"Yes. You don't need any help, I suppose. You are to tow the fellow near shore, and then let him go. Yama can go with you if you wish."

"No, I don't want any help," replied Joe. "I merely asked. I can work it alone."

"All right. Then get at it. We will help you carry them out."

Joe vanished.

"You want to keep a still tongue in your head about this

job, you Jap," growled the captain. "I tell you what it is, the admiral will make it hot for you if you don't."

"I am not a fool," was the reply. "I know."

"But you don't know all," persisted the captain. "There are more than the admiral in this deal. I tell you, Jap, your life won't be safe one instant not in any town from Frisco to New York if you go back on us—understand?"

"I understand, captain. The admiral he trusts me. Why not you?"

"Huh!" growled the captain. "Perhaps I don't altogether trust the admiral. But never mind."

The captain seated himself in Admiral Brown's chair then, and lighted a cigar.

The tug had now stopped. While Old King Brady was wondering what had become of the admiral Joe reappeared.

He carried two shots enclosed in bags of netting.

Yama jumped in to help, and one of these was tied to Old King Brady's feet, the other being made fast to Harry's.

This was the time the old detective tried for all he was worth to rouse himself to action.

It was utterly useless.

The poison had paralyzed his muscles, but he had not taken enough of it to paralyze his brain.

And now came the most horrible part of the business and that was to lie there and see Harry carried away.

A few moments later and there was a splash, followed by the sound of oars.

Poor Harry was being towed away from the tug to be allowed to sink at some convenient point.

And this was the time Old King Brady gave up all hope.

Rouse himself he could not, and he felt that even if he had been able to do so it would have been of no use.

But Old King Brady was up against it, and he now made up his mind that his finish had at last come.

As he lay there many of the events of his long life floated through his mind, and he lapsed into a dreamy state from which he was aroused by the entrance of Joe and the captain.

"Where did you drop him?" the captain inquired as they bent over Old King Brady.

"About a hundred feet from the ledge," was the reply.

"Good enough," said the captain. "No boat ever goes in there. We are perfectly safe. Now for the old man, and don't you be gone long. We want to be back at the navy yard within an hour's time."

Old King Brady was then lifted up and carried out upon the deck.

Here a rope was tied under his arms, and Joe having entered a small boat which lay alongside, carried the loose end of it with him, making it fast to a ring astern.

Yama and the captain then lifted up the old detective, and dropped him overboard.

Old King Brady went down head under, but Joe pulling on the rope brought his head out again, and made taut to the ring so that it remained in that position.

All having been thus arranged, he pulled off into the night.

"Hurry back!" called the captain, "but don't spoil your job by two much haste."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned Joe gruffly, and the boat shot on.

And now a ray of hope came to Old King Brady.

Consciousness had returned.

The iron bands which seemed to press his limbs were broken by the contact with the water.

The fact is the old detective is no swimmer.

To be thus suddenly thrown into the water had been a great shock, and this had served to break the hold of the drug.

Old King Brady thought fast.

The shot held his legs down, he was being towed almost in an upright position, and his hands were free.

Now he felt in the secret pocket where some of his money is usually carried.

"If they have searched me I'm done for," he thought.

But they had not. His money was all there.

Joe was facing him, of course, but it was so dark that he could scarcely see the fellow's face.

"I'll wait till the last moment," thought Old King Brady.

It came soon.

Soon a ledge of rocks loomed up before Old King Brady, and he could hear the water lapping at its base.

A moment later and the oars were shipped. Joe was fumbling with the rope.

"Joe!" called the old detective. "Oh, Joe!"

Joe gave a gasping cry.

"Who spoke!" he called in a husky voice.

"I am speaking here in the water," continued Old King Brady. "I am not dead. I don't want to die."

Joe leaned down over the stern and stared in the old detective's face.

"I don't want to kill yer, old man, but I've got ter!" he exclaimed.

"No, you don't have to, Joe," said Old King Brady. "Take me ashore and I'll give you a lot of money. You shall never suffer for it, Joe."

"Boss, I don't dare. They'd kill me if they knowed."

"They never shall know. If I ever meet Admiral Brown again I'll tell him that I got the shot loose and swam ashore."

"Oh, it hain't him I'm afeared of."

"Who then?"

"I dassent tell you, boss."

"Look here, Joe. I'm an old man. I'm old enough to be your grandfather. Don't kill me. I'm not ready to die to-night."

"Say, you're a detective, hain't you?" demanded Joe.

"Yes."

"You are here to find out about the troubles up to Mare Island navy yard."

"Yes."

"Will yer swar to scoot if I take you ashore? Will you light out and never come around here no more?"

Evidently Joe was yielding.

Old King Brady under the circumstances could do no less than to give the required promise.

"How much will you gimme?" demanded Joe, ready to bargain now.

As it happened the old detective had as much as a thousand dollars about him—why he had not been searched he never could imagine. Two hundred dollars of this was in one pocket, and he named that sum as Joe's reward.

"Well, letter go," said Joe. "I'll risk it. But say, old man, if I ever see you again I'll do you as sure as fate, or if I can't I'll find somebody who can and will."

"Trust me, Joe," was the reply. "Only take me ashore."

Joe started to pull again now, and in a few minutes he had made a landing in a little cove beyond the ledge.

Here it was shallow, and to his immense relief Old King Brady felt his feet touch bottom.

Joe unfastened the rope now, and the detective walked ashore.

But it was more than he could do to stand.

If Joe had not caught him he would have fallen.

The boy led him to a rock, where he sank down exhausted.

"Brace up!" said Joe, as he cut away the shot-bag and tossed it into the bay. "Now let's see your dough."

Old King Brady produced the two hundred dollars.

"It's yours. Take it," he said. "Now, tell me, was my partner drowned?"

"That's what he was, boss, I'm sorry to say; but I guess he was dead, anyhow."

"He did not revive? He did not speak to you?"

"No, he didn't, boss. He never showed no sign of life from the time we started away from the tug."

Old King Brady sighed.

"I suppose you feel mighty bad about it," said Joe, sympathetically.

"Naturally. He was like a son to me."

"Boss, let me tell you something. You came up against a bad crowd, and that's all dere is about it. You ought to be mighty tankful to be alive your ownself."

"I am. Are you going now?"

"Yes."

"One word. Where am I?"

"This here's San Pablo Bay. I guess the nearest town is San Rafael. I dunno very well myself. So long. Hope you get out of it all right."

"Stay one minute."

"Oh, I kean't, boss. The captain may suspect."

"Was that really Admiral Brown?"

"Sure it was, boss!" cried Joe, and the manner in which he spoke showed Old King Brady that the boy believed what he said, at all events.

This ended it.

Old King Brady, resting his elbow upon his knee, leaned his head upon his hand, and Joe faded away into the night.

"This is my last case," thought the old detective. "If Harry is really dead, and I am afraid that this time he is, I retire for good."

But this is a determination to which Old King Brady has come many times before, and as yet he has not carried it out.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HARRY.

In spite of Joe's positive assertion and Old King Brady's belief, Harry was not dead.

Nevertheless, the rope had been untied, and Joe, as he pulled back to the tug, saw Young King Brady sink down out of sight.

Thus he had the best of reason to believe the young detective dead, but he was mistaken, nevertheless.

The fact is, Harry seems to bear a charmed life.

But the charm in this case probably would not have worked without Old King Brady's antidote.

This probably saved Harry's life, and consciousness returned to him precisely as it did to Old King Brady the moment he struck the water.

Naturally quick-witted, Harry used his wits then for all he was worth.

He had heard none of the plotting, but it took him only a minute to realize the fix he was in, for the weight at his heels was pulling him down.

"This fellow is going to sink me somewhere," he thought, and he was not able to think of anything very clearly then.

He tried to part his legs, and was able to throw so much strength into the effort that the cord parted, too.

The next Harry knew the weight was gone.

And it was just in time.

A few seconds later and the boat stopped.

Joe was untying the rope.

Young King Brady let him do it.

He kept his eyes almost closed, and let his head drop forward.

But he was watching for all he was worth, and the instant the rope was cast off Harry sank beneath the water.

Few could have done this so neatly.

It is harder to sink at will than most people realize. It is the swimmer's struggles which pull him down.

Joe immediately turned and pulled back toward the tug.

Now, few can equal Young King Brady when it comes to swimming. It takes a professional to do it, at all events.

Once under the water Harry stayed under up to the limit.

When at last he was forced to rise again he found to his great satisfaction that the boat had disappeared in the

darkness, although he could still hear the splash of the oars.

Safe now for the moment, Young King Brady struck out boldly.

Not for the shore, for he could not see it.

The effort was the very best medicine which the young detective could have taken.

What the antidote began the long swim which followed finished.

Twenty minutes passed, and Harry was still at it, and feeling fairly well.

Realizing his danger, and that the swim might prove a long one, he began to divest himself of his clothing almost at the start.

The first thing he did was to kick off his low shoes, a thing difficult to accomplish, but managed at last.

His coat and vest followed, and before removing them Harry was able to stow away the best of his valuables in his trouser's pockets.

Thus lightened, he swam more freely, and at last, to his immense relief, he saw a light ahead of him on the right.

Was it on the shore or on some vessel?

A moment's observation convinced him that the former was the case, for the light remained stationary.

Turning then, Young King Brady headed for it, and soon he saw the hills rising in front of him, dim of outline, but real.

The light burned close down by the shore, and as he drew nearer he saw that it proceeded from a lamp placed in the window of a rough board shack which would have been dignified by the name of a hut.

Harry now shouted for help, for he could hear the water dashing against rocks, and his strength was almost gone.

No one responded.

As far as Young King Brady could see, there was no other building in sight.

Then came the final effort.

Twice Harry found himself up against great jagged rocks similar to those off the Cliff House at the entrance to the Golden Gate.

But the prospect of immediate relief gave the boy strength and courage, and in a few moments Harry found himself crawling up on the beach, where he fell down exhausted just above the water line.

An overpowering sense of weakness followed, and perhaps a few moments of unconsciousness, but if so it was not for long.

In a moment Young King Brady was on his feet again, and making for the hut.

And now Harry had reason to congratulate himself upon Old King Brady's foresight, and as he thought of it he was almost overcome, for he felt that his partner was probably dead.

"If they put the Governor through my racket he's a goner!" he said to himself. "He never could stand it, even

if he hadn't taken the dose I took. I guess I've seen the last of him."

Before leaving San Francisco, anticipating the chances of Harry being obliged to go into the Mare Island navy yard as a workman, the old detective had ordered him to dress for the part.

Thus Harry wore a blue woollen shirt, and his white shirt front was of the "dicky" order.

This, with his white cuffs, he now cast aside, and as Harry approached the hut he looked enough like a laborer or mechanic to pass for one.

He peered in through the window, but could see no one inside the hut.

Trying the door he found it unfastened, and he stepped in. There was little to be seen.

An old stove, a cot bed, a rude bunk against the wall, a table with some odds and ends of dishes upon it—that was all, except the lamp set upon the window ledge which sent its beams out over the bay.

"Some fisherman's hut," thought Harry. "The owner is probably off in his boat and has left the lamp to guide him back again. Perhaps he won't come till after daylight, and when he does I shall be gone."

Young King Brady now set out to improve the opportunity fate had thrown in his way.

The first thing he did was to strip and wring the water out of such clothes as he had left.

This was an immense relief, and as the night was decidedly warm Young King Brady felt far more comfortable in the buff than he had done in his wet, clinging clothes.

There was a rude shed behind the shack, and here Harry found a good supply of drift wood heaped up.

He soon had a fire blazing in the stove, having plenty of matches in his little waterproof safe.

Hanging his clothes over one of the old chairs in front of the fire, he sat down to wait for them to dry.

He had not been thus ten minutes when it seemed to him that he could hear the sound of oars.

He listened for a minute, and then springing up, stepped outside, but could see no boat.

He now perceived that the hut stood in a crescent-shaped hollow formed by the bend of the hills.

The point of land on his left extended a considerable distance out into the bay.

The boat might be approaching on that side, he thought, and he started to investigate, but just then the sounds ceased.

Harry waited for a minute listening, expecting to hear the splash of the oars again.

Then suddenly he was startled by seeing a man appear around the point.

Instantly three others came into view, and before Harry had time to retreat inside the hut and grab his clothes a revolver was drawn by the foremost man.

"Hold on there!" he shouted, running forward. "Don't you move unless you want to be shot!"

Harry threw up his hands.

"Don't fire!" he called. "I'm nobody! You have nothing to fear from me!"

"A spy! A spy! Shoot him, Bill!" another of the party bawled.

"Hoot mon!" cried the fellow with the revolver, with a broad Scotch accent. "He's only one, and we be fower! Let him give an account of himself first!"

Harry inwardly blessed him.

There he stood, caught with all bars down, so to speak, and at the mercy of these four men.

"There is some crooked work going on here, or they wouldn't be so fierce for shooting," he said to himself. "I shall have to go mighty slow."

He stood still, and allowed the men to come up.

All were foreigners, and except the Scotchman looked like Russians or Poles, except one short, stocky fellow, who might possibly be a German, Harry thought.

"Well, you're a fine-looking specimen!" this man said, speaking without a trace of foreign accent. "Where in thunder did you come from? Rain down from the clouds?"

"That's what I didn't," replied Harry, with a short laugh. "I was washed up by the sea."

"And a fine-built laddie ye look," said the Scotchman.

"But that's naught to us. You are trespassing on private property, and that's mine. Give an account of yourself, lad. Quick now, or back you go to the sea."

"Say, gentlemen, I'm just nobody at all," replied Harry. "I was working on a tug. I got in a fight with the mate, and he knocked me overboard. I had to swim for it, and by bad luck I landed here."

"What's your name?" demanded the German.

"Harry Jones."

"Where do you belong?"

"In Frisco."

"What tug were you on?"

"Now, that's more than I can tell you."

"What! you don't know the name of the tug you worked on? A likely yarn. Better shoot him, Bill."

"It's like this, boss. I've been knocking about this long while. I belong in St. Louis by rights. I only landed in Frisco yesterday. To-night I was down on the wharf, and the mate of this tug asked me if I didn't want a berth for the trip up to Vallejo. I jumped at the chance. I never asked him what tug it was, and I never looked to see. We got in a scrap and this is the way it ended. Don't be hard on me, gents. Just let me put my clothes on and I'll travel off. It's mighty tough for a poor fellow who hain't got no friends."

Harry had pleaded his cause better than he knew.

One of the others now spoke up for the first time.

"Suppose we turn your friends?" he said. "I suppose then you'd go back on us first show you got?"

"So you say," replied Young King Brady. "I don't know what you mean?"

"Go slow, Rapinsky," said the German. "We don't know this fellow."

"Hold your jaw, Fritz. Look at him. He's little, but he's all muscle. Don't we need——"

"Hoot mon!" interrupted Bill. "Beware how you blab before strangers."

"You dry up!" snarled Rapinsky. "I'll put it to him straight. Are you good for a crooked job, boy, if you could see any money in it?"

"Just you try me," replied Harry quickly. "I'm out for the stuff every time."

"You are, eh? Well, how far would you go?"

"As far as you want to send me if there's anything in it."

"Stand where you are a few minutes, and I'll tell you if there is anything in it. I want to talk to my partners here."

"Let me go inside and put my clothes on, won't you? I don't like standing here so."

"Go with him, Scotty," said Fritz. "If Rap wants to talk we've got to listen, I suppose, and that's all there is to it."

"In wid yer, lad!" cried the Scotchman. "Before you put your clothes on there's a wee bit ceremony to be performed which may not suit you, but has to be did."

What this ceremony was Scotty made plain by seizing Harry's trousers and going through the pockets.

"I'm up against a tough gang," thought Young King Brady. "I shall just have to go slow and take everything as it comes."

But unfortunately for Scotty and fortunately for Harry no doubt, all papers and money had been in his coat and vest pockets.

There was nothing in the trousers' pockets which would in any way go to show that he was a detective, and as for cash that was a matter of a few cents.

So Scotty found, and he threw down the trousers in disgust.

"Sure an' you're but a poor bit beggar body," he said. "Put on yer clothes, lad. Have you no coat, no hat, no shoes? Well, well! It's hard lines! That's what war brings upon us. It puts money into the rich man's pockets and pulls the shoes off the poor mon's feet."

"It was my fight with the mate that cost me my cap and shoes," said Harry. "I lost them in the water, and my coat, too."

"Hoot, lad; never fash yourself!" returned the Scotchman. "You're here in me house, and here you will have to stay till—till——"

In came the others then.

"We have agreed to give the boy a trial, Scotty," said Rapinsky. "Shake up things now, and give us some grub. We'll talk it over while we eat."

A trial at what?

Harry was wondering as he pulled on his half-dried clothes.

"I suppose I ought to be thankful that I'm alive," he

said to himself. "All the same I can't help wondering what is going to come out of all this."

CHAPTER VI.

OLD KING BRADY GETS BUSY AGAIN.

Old King Brady soon recovered his wind and his spirits after Joe left.

"The antidote may have done its work," he thought, "and if Harry recovered consciousness when he struck the water then he may have been able to save himself. The boy is full of bright ideas, and can swim like a duck. I just won't abandon hope."

Having reached this desirable frame of mind, Old King Brady began to think of himself.

His one thought now was to get back to San Francisco as soon as possible.

As for his wet clothes, the old detective did not mind them a bit, for he is well used to that sort of thing, and considering his age is a man of wonderfully robust health.

He now stripped, wrung the water out of his clothes, and having dressed again, started along the narrow beach.

It was fortunate that he had one to walk on, for it is not always so in California where the hills so frequently rise directly from the water's edge.

And Old King Brady soon came to a place where this was the case.

Fortunately there was a gap in the hills here, and a well-defined path leading back among them.

This the old detective followed, and after walking rapidly over a distance of some three miles, he came to a road.

It was now long after midnight, and so far he had not seen a house nor encountered a soul.

Assuming that he must be to the north of San Rafael, the old detective turned to the left and hurried on.

It was not long before he came to a cross road, and here he heard the rattle of a wagon coming his way.

Sitting down under a tree, he waited until the vehicle came up.

It proved to be a large farmer's wagon loaded with vegetables, and pulled by a pair of mules.

The driver looked suspiciously at Old King Brady, as though expecting a hold-up.

"Friend," called the old detective, "I have lost my way. I am wanting to get to San Rafael. Can you set me right?"

"Your way lies there," replied the driver, pointing down the main road.

"You are going there, I take it?"

"Well, I am."

The man spoke gruffly.

He did not pull in on his mules, and he looked suspiciously at Old King Brady, who walked alongside the wagon.

"Will you give me a lift?" asked the detective. "I'll pay you for it."

"Boss, I don't know you, and that's all there is about it," growled the driver.

"Which means you are afraid of me, and you needn't be," replied the old detective, adding:

"I came up the bay in a tug and I managed to drop overboard. I'm in trouble, and want to get back to Frisco. There is no cause for a stout young fellow like you to be afraid of an old man like me."

"You can get a train for Saucelito at San Rafael."

"Yes, I know. You expect to send your stuff down by the early morning train?"

"Yes."

"Then you won't give me a lift?"

"I didn't say so. How much will you give?"

"Two dollars."

"Well, all right. Get aboard and pay in advance."

"Oh, I can do that," replied Old King Brady, producing the bill.

The man closed on it, and the old detective climbed up to the wagon seat.

He had gained his point, and soon he had the driver talking about market gardening and prices.

No further difficulty was encountered.

In due time the wagon reached San Rafael, and there Old King Brady took the early morning train for Saucelito, where he crossed by the ferry to San Francisco.

The detective went straight to the Russ House, changed his clothes, and took the old blue coat to the tailor's to be pressed.

Although we have neglected to mention it, Old King Brady lost his hat, and had come bareheaded all the way to San Francisco.

His first visit even before he went to the hotel was to a hat store, where he purchased a new white felt of the cowboy order, the nearest approach to his old trademark to be had.

Old King Brady was now ready for business again, and he lost no time getting at it.

Detective Murley had left no word for him, and Old King Brady once more bent his steps toward Taylor street to look the man up.

He found Mrs. M. even more despondent than she had been the day before.

"I don't know anything about Steve," she declared. "He went out yesterday shortly after you left, and he hasn't been here since. I wish you hadn't given him any money, Mr. Brady, that's what I do."

Old King Brady pulled away as soon as possible.

"I've got to do the hop joints by daylight," I suppose," he said to himself. "A mean job, and one I don't like."

He went down on Dupont street, and was in the act of entering the place, kept by the notorious Hip Sing Ling, when he met Murley coming up the steps out of the basement.

Never had Old King Brady seen a more complete physical wreck.

Murley had evidently made an effort to clean up and look respectable, but he was trembling in every limb, and even his shiny high hat, clean-shaven face, and good clothes could not hide his condition.

He caught Old King Brady's hand convulsively.

"Brady, you are the very man I want to see!" he exclaimed, brokenly. "I'm dead on to it. I was just coming around to the Russ House to tell you. Didn't I do it up quick? I told you I'd let you know before night."

"Before night, man!" cried the old detective. "Why, it's to-morrow now."

"What? Oh, yes! Well!"

"You are all mixed up."

"I guess I am. Let me think. Why, I must be, of course. It was last night I did it. Yes, yes! This is to-morrow. Well, it makes no odds."

"Come with me, Murley," said Old King Brady, kindly. "Have you had anything to eat?"

"To eat? No. I don't want anything to eat."

"But you must have it. A cup of black coffee will set you straight. If you have really found out anything I want to know it, and you can't talk until you have braced up a bit."

Murley yielded without further objection.

Indeed, it was all he could do to walk, and Old King Brady had to hold his arm tight as he led him down to a well-known restaurant in Kearney street.

The coffee had a wonderful effect upon the poor besotted wretch, but it was only with great difficulty that he was able to swallow food.

A strong cigar finished the business, and Detective Murley announced himself ready to talk.

"I saw that man in Wing Dock's joint last night," he said. "He came there about half-past eleven, with a handsome woman, and two men followed them up. The men did not speak to him or the woman, but they were evidently watching out on the couple. All smoked, and they left about half-past two. By that time my man was far gone, and the other two had to almost carry him along. The woman went ahead, and I did the shadowing act. I landed them, too."

"I suppose you mean located," said Old King Brady. "Of course, you made no arrests."

"Yes, yes. Located."

"And where?"

"Up on Jones street, at the top of the hill."

"Private house?"

"Yes."

"And you are sure it was the same man?"

"Absolutely certain. Oh, you needn't look at me that way. Drunk or doped, I never make mistakes."

"I'd like to see the house."

"I can't walk there, Brady. I'm too weak. I must have a few hours' sleep."

"We will call a cab. Still, you must have been sleeping ever since. You went right back to the hop-joint where I found you."

"Yes, but that is different. Let me go to bed for a few hours and I'll be ready to begin again."

"I understand. We will call a cab and go directly to the Jones street house."

"Are you going in? Do you mean to pull the place?"

"I am hardly in shape to do that yet, Murley. Probably I shan't go in at all. It will depend entirely upon circumstances. You know my way of working. One thing may lead to another. We will go ahead as far as we can."

Going out on Kearney street then, Old King Brady called a cab, and with Detective Murley was driven rapidly to Jones street.

"That's the house," said Murley, who was watching out of the window as they drew near the top of the hill.

Old King Brady let the cab go on until they had reached Leavenworth street, where he called to the driver to stop.

"You can wait for us here," he said, "and then with Murley he walked back to the house.

It stood alone in the midst of an overgrown garden, and appeared to be in bad repair.

The blinds were closed, and the stoop was so broken down that it looked almost unsafe to ascend it. A bill announcing rooms to let was nailed at the side of the door.

"I think I'll tackle it, Murley," said Old King Brady. "If there is anyone in charge of the old roost perhaps I can get a chance to look at the rooms."

"Shall I go, too?" asked the opium fiend.

"No; you wait at the corner. It won't do to seem to be trying to take the place by storm."

So Old King Brady cautiously ascended the steps, which seemed to be ready to give way under his weight, and examined the bill.

It said "Inquire within," so Old King Brady pulled the bell.

He had to ring three times before he got any answer.

The door was then opened by a little old woman, far advanced in years.

"How do you do, ma'am. You have rooms to let, I see," said the detective in his most affable tone.

"Nein! Nein!" cried the old woman, and seizing the bill she tore it down.

"I lets no more rooms already!" she snarled. "I haf had enough of dat."

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the detective. "I want a quiet place to lodge, and——"

"Go away!" cried the woman. "I tells you I vant you not. I haf schust got rid of von lot of trunken bums. I vant no more of it—no."

Old King Brady "caught on" in an instant.

"Ha! Then my friends have moved away this morning?" he exclaimed.

"So? Den dey were friends of yours. Dat vomans und her drunken husband. Bah! Mrs. Vest, she call herself

Mrs. Noting! Coming in here at half-past two by de morning and him so trunk dat dey haf to carry him upstairs, dose bums vat she picks up on de street. Always trunk! Always trunk! All de time schleep py day und get trunk py nide. Go way, old man, go vay! I vant noting to do mit your crowd. I owns dis house, und I can live mitout letting no rooms already yet."

Old King Brady produced some of that balm which heals all wounds.

Slipping a five dollar bill into the old German woman's hand he said persuasively:

"You are quite right, missus. These people are on the bum, and you ought not to be troubled with them. But I have to see Mr. West on important business. Tell me where they went."

"I know not," replied the old woman, freezing on to the bill. "I care not, too."

"What time did they leave?"

"I vake her up at seex o'clock. I tell her ged ovid mit dis und take your trunken bum of a husband mit you. She kick first off, den she say she vill go, so she gets a cab and de driver he haf to help dat bum downstairs. Den dey drive away. Vat I care vere dey go? Dey may go to de dogs for all I care alretty yet."

The case was hopeless.

Old King Brady as he returned to the corner where Murley stood waiting for him, felt that he had made a bad investment.

"Well?" demanded the opium fiend, who was beginning to look quite respectable now.

"They have decamped."

"So? When?"

"Early this morning. They were fired out by the old hag who keeps the house."

"How many of them lived there?"

"Only my man and your woman, it would appear. Mr. and Mrs. West."

"That's the name they went under?"

"Yes."

"And the two fellows who were with them?"

"They appear to have been strangers to the old woman. She thinks the other woman just picked them up in the street to carry her husband upstairs."

"They did that all right. I saw them. But they were with them all the evening. Shall we go?"

"We may as well, I suppose."

Murley turned the corner, but suddenly drew back.

"By jove, Brady," he whispered, "there is a sailor man in naval uniform coming up the street! Ten to one he's steering for that house."

"Slide!" breathed Old King Brady. "Meet me at the next corner. I'll attend to his case."

Murley hurried off, and Old King Brady, returning to the house, took his stand in front of the gate just in time to see a young man-of-war's-man come around the corner.

He paused to look up at the number of the nearest house and then steered straight for the detective.

"I'm it," chuckled Old King Brady. "This is surely a messenger from Admiral Brown."

CHAPTER VII.

HARRY TIES TO AN ANARCHIST.

Young King Brady was not quite through with his experiences that night.

The moment the man Rapinsky pronounced his ultimatum all in the hut changed their manner toward Harry, and became very cordial.

Rapinsky introduced the Scotchman as Bill Bannoch, the German as Fritz Stein, and a dark silent man who had not yet spoken as Karl Slocovich.

His own Christian name he informed Young King Brady was Pete.

"Scotty," as Bill Bannoch appeared to be usually called, now produced a suit of old clothes which he informed Harry he could have to keep, and as the underwear was by this time nearly dry, Young King Brady soon found himself comfortable again.

Supper was now served, and during the meal Harry was asked all sorts of questions.

Gradually politics was broached by Rapinsky, and he began running down the President of the United States, and remarked that some fine day he would be assassinated.

The others chimed in and spoke of different rulers who had been assassinated in the past.

Each one seemed to vie the other in saying the worst possible thing about them. All agreed that they had been served right, and Rapinsky took the ground that all law should be done away with and every man left in freedom to do exactly as he pleased.

Of course, Harry caught on quickly.

Anarchists these men certainly were, but Young King Brady in his talk outdid them all.

Still, it would seem as if they did not fully trust him, for when on several occasions he spoke bitterly about the immense sums being spent by the Government in building warships they were silent.

At one o'clock in the morning they were still talking, and not a word had been said about turning in.

Indeed, for his part, Harry could not just see where they were all going to sleep.

It was soon after this that Young King Brady learned that as far as he was concerned he was not to sleep in the hut that night.

Suddenly, and while Rapinsky was in the midst of a long dissertation on the beauties of anarchy, a hoarse whistle sounded out on the bay.

Rapinsky stopped short, and sprang to his feet.

"That's the signal, brothers!" he cried. "Give 'em the light, Scotty. And now, say, does this boy go along with me?"

"I agree," said Scotty. "You can try it on with him, but of course, he will have to be put through."

"Oh, of course. What do you say, Karl?"

"I leave dat to de master," replied Slocovich, who spoke broken English.

"And you, Fritz?"

"I see no objection," answered the German. "Say, Jones, vat you say yourself?"

"I've already said it," replied Harry. "I don't know what you want me for, but I'm against all forms of government, as I have said half a dozen times to-night. If you fellows have got some anarchist plot on hand, and want to count me in, why, I'm willing, providing you can show me that the police won't get me and the pay is going to be equal to the risk."

"And that's what we can," said Rapinsky. "Well, we have gone far enough for one night. To-morrow we will see."

In the meanwhile Scotty had lighted a lantern and gone outside.

Looking through the window Harry could see him waving the lantern on the little strip of beach in front of the hut.

"Come, Jones," said Rapinsky, "if you are going to tie to me that means we are going to Frisco; so come along."

Harry then followed the young man outside.

Certainly Rapinsky was a very attractive young fellow.

He did not appear to be very much older than Harry himself.

He now ran his arm through Young King Brady's, and as they went down to the beach said:

"Jones, you stick by me and I'll make a man of you. There's no sense in a fine young fellow like you playing the tramp. If the world wasn't all upside down you wouldn't have to, either. All you want is a start, and I'm going to give it to you. Stick to me and before this week is out you will have money enough in your pocket to be able to start in some little business of your own in Frisco. That's what will suit you, I suppose."

"It will suit me right down to the ground," replied Harry, "and I am sure I am very much obliged to you. I am beginning to think that the luckiest move I ever made was when I shipped on that tug."

But although he spoke enthusiastically, and with no appearance of concern, Harry was actually very much disturbed, for there, heading toward the cove, was a small tug.

What if it should be the tug upon which he and Old King Brady had met Admiral Brown?

"Of course, that captain must have been in this deal, whatever it is," thought Harry. "If he sees me I am lost."

So, of course, it was strenuous business standing there on the beach watching the approach of the tug.

As it drew close to the shore Young King Brady about

gave up hope, for he now saw that it was certainly the same craft.

Of this he was certain, for when he and Old King Brady first went aboard the second tug Harry had observed that one of the window panes in the pilot-house was broken.

It was the same with this tug.

Helpless and unarmed, Harry stood there prepared for the worst.

Fritz and Karl did not show themselves, and the Scotchman hailing the tug as it drew near the shore, the man at the wheel dropped the pilot house window and looked out.

"Hey, there? How close can I come in?" he called.

"You have about touched the limit, cap," replied Bill Bannoch. "You had better hold up now and send a boat ashore."

"How many are going?"

"Only two. Where's Captain Smith?"

"Oh, he was out to-night with the admiral," was the reply. "He laid off with his crew. We have taken charge."

"Huh!" growled Scotty. "I seen you was a stranger. What's the word?"

"Universal Brotherhood."

"For all on the face of the earth. What's the game?"

"Arizonal!"

"Right. Send along your boat. How is it we have never met you before?"

"Oh, I'm just over from Chicago," was the reply. "I've only been up to Mare Island two days."

This was all that was said, but it was enough to transform Young King Brady into a different man, for the captain was a stranger to him.

"Thank Heaven I have escaped that snag!" he said to himself. "Well, there has been no time lost. I am right in the line of my work. Oh, if the Governor was only with me!"

The thought of Old King Brady was a little too much for Harry.

He turned away from Rapinsky and walked along the beach a few steps, returning as soon as the boat put off from the tug.

It was soon at the beach, and Harry and Rapinsky went aboard the tug, the name of which was the Rattler.

Harry had told the truth when he stated that he had not observed the name before.

Of the trip back to San Francisco and the events of the next sixteen hours we shall have but a few words to say.

In the very cabin where he and Old King Brady had been knocked out Harry and Rapinsky, lying on the cushioned seats, got a little sleep.

By daylight the tug had tied up at Megg's wharf, and going ashore Rapinsky took Harry to a house on Eddy street, where he informed him he had a furnished room.

Arrived here, they turned into bed together, and strange as it may seem, Young King Brady actually slept until noon, with the anarchist at his side.

Up to this time Rapinsky had said but little, but he

awoke when Harry began moving about the room, and asked what time it was.

"It's a little after twelve by your clock," replied Harry. "I've had a splendid sleep, and now I'm as hungry as a wolf. If I only had the price of a meal I should make it look sick."

"Well, by thunder, Harry, you don't have to go hungry when I'm towing you," cried Rapinsky, throwing aside the covers and sitting on the edge of the bed. "I'll be with you in a few moments, and we will go to breakfast. I know a bully place."

Harry began to dress in silence.

"What's the matter?" demanded the anarchist. "Don't that suit?"

"I tell you what it is, Rapinsky," replied Harry. "I'm just beginning to wonder whether after all I haven't been a fool to tie to you."

Rapinsky opened his eyes.

"What in time do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just this, here. I've hitched up with you for some mysterious purpose which I know nothing about. I don't like that very much. Why don't you come out flat-footed and tell me what you want of me. I should like that a good sight better."

"Oh!" said Rapinsky. "Is that all?"

"That's all."

"Well, that's soon settled. And say, if you want to pull away you can. I'm not going to hold you."

"All right. Out with it, Rapinsky."

"Rapinsky nothing. Call me Pete. If what you told us last night was true I'm as good a friend as you've got in this town, Harry."

"In this town or any other town," replied Young King Brady, bitterly. "I'm a man without friends."

"Right! That's the way I understood it, Harry. What in time are you kicking about?"

"If I'm going to hang on to a man I want his confidence, that's all."

"Well, you can't get mine in full because I am not free to give it, but I'll give you a few pointers. I am an anarchist."

"Oh, I understand all that."

"According to your talk you are, too."

"I certainly am at heart. I never was anything else, but I never was in with anarchists at all."

"Then if you want to stick by me you will go in with them right now, Harry, for to-night I intend to have you initiated into an anarchist lodge."

"You do!"

"Yes, I do. What do you say?"

"And I am to be chosen for some special work?"

"That's right. What do you say?"

"Is it—is it——"

"Murder, as you call it? Is that what you mean?"

"Yes."

"Then no, it isn't. Would you stand for that?"

"Oh, I might, but it's a new one on me."

"Of course, and we would be fools to assign you to any such part."

"Then out with it, Pete. Tell me just what it is?"

"Can't," replied Pete. It mightn't work the way I think at all. It isn't for me to decide. All I can do is to put you up before the lodge. The master will settle the rest. Come now, we want to understand each other before we go any further. Is it go ahead or pull back?"

"How can I go ahead when I haven't a cent to my name or a decent suit of clothes to wear?"

"Is that all that's bothering you?"

"About all now, Pete."

"Then look here, Harry, when I take up with a fellow I never do anything by halves. Hand me my trousers, will you?"

Harry obeyed, and Pete fumbling in the pockets, produced a fat roll of bills.

From this he counted off fifty dollars in fives, and handed it over to Harry.

"Take it," he said. "That will rig you out, and make a man of you. Now is it a go?"

Harry was able to appear much moved.

"Pete," he said, seizing the anarchist by the hand and shaking it warmly, "you're a true friend, and I shall never forget you. Say no more; it shall be just as you wish."

"That's the talk," said Pete, beginning to dress. "That's only a small part of what you'll get if everything goes through right. And you needn't thank me for it, Harry. That money comes out of a general fund which we have set aside for—but no matter. You'll know all later on."

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD KING BRADY PERSONATES HIMSELF.

Old King Brady was leaning against the broken gate in front of the German woman's house calmly smoking a cigar when the man-of-war's-man came up.

The young fellow's cap bore the name of one of the U. S. cruisers then stationed at Mare Island navy yard, as Old King Brady happened to know.

The sailor stopped and looked up at the number on the house.

"Who are you looking for, my man?" inquired Old King Brady.

"It's a Mrs. Heinbottle, or some such name as that, sir," replied the sailor, mentioning the number of the house.

"This is the place," replied the detective, "but the lady is not around just now. Any message you have you can leave with me."

"You live here, boss?"

Old King Brady nodded.

"It's a letter," said the sailor. "It's not for Mrs. Heinbottle; it's for a Mrs. West, who boards here."

"Ah, yes; the lady upstairs. She is not up yet. Give me the letter and I'll hand it to her."

If the sailor had any suspicions he did not show them.

Handing the letter to Old King Brady he turned and went back in the direction from which he had come.

To complete the illusion Old King Brady went in at the gate and ascended the steps.

The sailor did not look around, however, and fortunately the old woman did not come out.

As soon as the man had turned the corner Old King Brady tore open the letter and read as follows:

"Mare Island, April —, —."

"Julie.—The B's are both dead, and that danger is averted. I want to bring matters to a head right away, and in order to deceive Mac I must have a man to personate O. K. B. See Rapinsky at once and so inform him. There must be somebody in the lodge who can make up to resemble the old fraud. There's that old broken-down actor, I forget his name, but you will probably remember him. He looks something like O. K. B., but Rapinsky has the detective's picture, and he will know best what to do. The man should be up here to-night if possible. Tell Rapinsky that I have made a new pass-word for use here in place of Arizona, which is too suggestive. It is Vallejo, which might mean anything. Let the man be informed. He is to come straight to my headquarters, and upon no account to speak to anyone until I have talked with him. In order that I may know who he is when word is brought to me let him say that he comes from Mr. Rapp.

"Yours as ever,

Dick."

"P. S.—You want to keep Jack very close. This taking him around to the hop joints in Chinatown, as I understand you are doing, must cease. If he should be recognized by anyone we would find ourselves in trouble.—D."

Here was an interesting document!

With a chuckle of satisfaction Old King Brady pocketed it and hurried off to join Murley, who was impatiently waiting at the corner.

"Well?" demanded the wreck. "What about it? I saw that fellow give you a letter."

"Yes, and it is a most important one," replied Old King Brady. "It throws a flood of light on my case, and gives me just the chance I want to get next to the man I am after."

"It does, eh?" replied Murley. "I suppose I don't see it?"

"It would be impossible for me to show it to you, Murley."

"Huh! Well, I suppose you know your business. Of course, the situation is plain enough. Admiral Brown is a hop-fiend, and this West woman is keeping him doped

while some other fellow is personating him up at the Mare Island navy yard."

"You can draw your own conclusions, Murley. Come, let us get back to the cab, and I'll take you home."

"Aren't you going to look for the admiral?"

"Mr. West, if you please, Murley. Don't do anything to balk me in my work."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me, Brady. "But say, where do I come in on all this?"

"Murley, wait a few days before you ask me for money. I'm short now."

"Short nothing. Everybody knows you are worth a million. You don't want to give me money for fear I'll blow it in."

"Well?"

"Isn't it so?"

"Yes."

"All the same, I want the dough."

It was useless to argue the matter, so Old King Brady handed over \$25 more, and went with Murley to his home in the cab.

Returning then to the tailor's, the detective recovered the old blue coat, and went back to the Russ House.

His first inquiry was for Harry, but to his intense disappointment there was no word from the missing one.

"All the same I believe he will turn up," Old King Brady said to himself as he went to his room.

He had already arranged his plans.

A boat left for Vallejo at four o'clock, and the old detective intended to go on her disguised as himself.

To arrive at Mare Island sooner than he could get there by the regular boat he felt would be highly suspicious.

Nor did he wish to be seen on the street, so until the time came to go to the boat Old King Brady remained in his room.

At about two o'clock he received a note which would have made him throw up the old white hat for joy if he had not lost it in San Francisco bay.

It was from Harry, and read as follows:

"Governor.—Don't you worry about me. I'm O. K., and am rapidly getting next to our case. It's anarchists. They mean to blow up the Arizona before she is launched. That man who played it on us seems to have really been Admiral Brown, and he's one of them. Don't know when I shall see you. Am to be initiated into the anarchist's society to-night by a fellow named Rapinsky. Remember the name. He rooms at No. — Eddy street. Their passwords run like this: 'What's the word?' Answer, 'Universal Brotherhood.' Answer by the questioner, 'For all on the face of the earth.' He then says 'What's the game?' The answer I heard to this question was 'Arizona,' but it may not always be that. I write this hoping that you escaped. I daren't come to the Russ House. I'm running a big risk in writing this.

"Harry."

"Blessings on the boy!" muttered Old King Brady. "There's one great big load off my mind."

But the old detective did not even ring to find out how the note came to the hotel, for he realized the necessity of keeping dark now more than ever.

At the proper time Old King Brady called a cab and was driven to the Vallejo boat.

Before leaving the hotel he had slightly altered his appearance.

Among other things he removed the brass buttons from the old blue coat—they were so attached that this could be easily done—and substituted others of a different shape for them.

The new hat helped also, and in addition the old detective put on a false mustache of bristly gray hairs.

Thus taken altogether he presented a very good counterfeit of himself, and it only needed a disguise of voice to complete the delusion.

Of course, Old King Brady is good for that. In a matter of voice disguise there is no greater expert living.

And so that evening the old detective presented himself at the gate of the Mare Island navy yard and inquired for Admiral Brown.

"It is too late to see the admiral now," said the sentinel. "No strangers are admitted to the yard after dark."

"I am here on important business," replied Old King Brady. "I wish you would send word to the admiral."

"I can't do it."

"You will regret it then if you don't. Admiral Brown wants to see me."

"What's the name?"

"My name is Brady. You can say that I am here by the order of Mr. Rapp."

"Well, I expect I'll be called down for doing it," said the sentinel, "and I may get into the guard-house, but I'll take the chances."

"You will get into no trouble, friend," replied the old detective quietly.

The sentinel then blew a whistle.

In a few moments a marine came down the broad stone walk, and asked what was wanted.

He received the message and retired.

A wait of half an hour followed.

It was very tedious, and to make it worse the sentinel kept assuring the detective that the admiral certainly would not see him.

But this proved to be a mistake.

At last the marine returned with word that the admiral would see Mr. Brady, and would the gentleman please follow him.

And so Old King Brady was led past big buildings, past dry-docks and ship-ways, on one of which was the Arizona.

At last they reached a handsome stone dwelling, into which he was conducted, and left seated in a little reception room.

It was a critical moment.

"What is he recognizes me?" thought Old King Brady. "But surely he could not attempt my life here in the navy yard. If he does recognize me I am curious to see what he will do."

The wait this time was a brief one.

In a few minutes the door opened and Admiral Brown in undress uniform entered the room.

Old King Brady rose to greet him, standing in silence.

Nor did the admiral speak. Staring at the detective for an instant, he turned and locked the door; then turning upon Old King Brady again, he said:

"What's the word?"

"Universal Brotherhood," replied Old King Brady promptly.

"For all on earth. What's the game?"

"Vallejo!"

It was done.

The ordeal had been successfully passed.

"Brother, I greet you," said the admiral, extending his hand.

"And greeting to you, brother," replied the detective.

"This thing was sprung upon me in a hurry by Brother Rapinsky. If I had not been an actor by profession I am afraid I could not have filled the bill, and I hope I fill it now."

"You fill it admirably," replied the admiral. "At first glance I was almost deceived into believing that you were the man you pretend to be."

And then, to Old King Brady's immense relief, he added:

"I have met you before, brother, but I have forgotten your name; don't tell it to me, for what I don't know I cannot tell to others. You are here as Old King Brady, the famous detective, and under that guise you must pass while you remain at Mare Island navy yard."

CHAPTER IX.

THE INITIATION AT THE ANARCHISTS' LODGE.

Harry put in a very pleasant afternoon with Pete Rapinsky.

It was seldom that it fell to Young King Brady's lot to strike so agreeable a companion.

Pete had traveled all over the world, according to his own account, and indeed he showed a familiarity with many places in which Young King Brady had been himself.

At the start he put up a splendid breakfast, and then went with Harry and helped him choose a suit of clothes.

Some slight alterations were necessary in the coat, and while these were being made Pete went off to attend to some business of his own.

This was the time Harry found his chance to scribble the note and send it to the Russ House.

After that they went to Woodward's Gardens, and other places of interest.

Evening found them back at Eddy street, and during all this time Pete had not said one word about the business of the night.

This came while they were at supper, in a Kearney street restaurant.

"And now, Harry," Pete said, turning suddenly on Young King Brady, "you are ready to go to the lodge?"

"I am," replied Young King Brady. "When do we start?"

"In a few minutes."

"And where is the place?"

"Well, it isn't in the Masonic Temple," laughed Pete, "and what's more, I can't tell you where it is, for until the candidate has been initiated he is not allowed to know. We go in a cab, and I shall have to blindfold you. Of course, you won't kick at that."

"I'm kicking at nothing," replied Harry. "I am in your hands, Pete, waiting to be put through."

And that blind cab ride quickly followed.

Pete tied a handkerchief tight over Harry's eyes as soon as they were in the cab, and removed it when at last the vehicle stopped.

Thus Young King Brady saw the place, but he had not been able to follow the movements of the cab, and he had no idea what street it was on.

It was a region of factories and small dwellings, so Harry knew they must be over on the other side of Market street.

On the ground floor of the low frame building into which Pete led him was a lager beer saloon, but there was no name attached to the sign over the door.

Quite a number of men were lounging at the bar and sitting around at the tables.

All appeared to be foreigners, and there were two Japanese among them.

Most of them looked like Russians or Poles.

And now Harry learned something about his companion, for the instant they entered the saloon Pete was saluted by all hands with the utmost respect, those at the tables rising.

"Can he be the boss of this bunch?" thought Harry. "By jove, it looks like it."

Pete returned the salute with great dignity.

He walked through the saloon, passed into a back room, opened a side door, and led Harry up a flight of steps on the outside of the building.

All eyes were upon the detective as he passed among these men.

That they were all anarchists Harry could well believe.

At the top of the steps Pete rapped on the door.

It was opened by a woman with hard, masculine features.

"Hail!" she said. "Who comes here?"

"Hail, sister!" replied Rapinsky. "I have with me a poor blind candidate, who seeks light in the mysteries of our order."

"Do you vouch for him, brother?" demanded the woman.

"I do."

"Then let him enter."

The door was thrown back, and Pete and Harry passed into a long room which seemed to take up the biggest part of the top floor of the building.

It was fitted up as a lodge-room, and the lights were turned low.

There was no one in the place.

"This is our lodge-room," said Pete. "In that chair on the raised platform over there the master sits, and the other officers in those chairs at the rear and on the right side. It's just a plain place, but it answers our purpose well enough. And now, let me tell you something, Harry. You are about to have a great honor conferred upon you. You are to be initiated into an order which is extended all over the world, and yet is scarcely known. While other anarchist societies have their literature and make themselves more or less public, it is different with us. We have no literature. We do not even keep a roll book. The names of our members are memorized by our secretary, as is everything connected with our order. On the street we never recognize each other, and unless there is work to be done we never associate together outside of the lodge-room. In this way the secret of our existence is preserved, and I can assure you that the police in no city in the United States have as yet caught onto the fact of our existence. Yet we exist just the same, and our membership in this country alone runs away up into the thousands."

"It is very interesting," said Harry. "I never heard of such an order before."

"Nor would you know of it now if I—that is, we—had not a special mission for you to perform. But come! It is almost time to begin. You will have to retire to the anteroom. Follow me."

Harry was then led into a small room, where there was just a table and one chair.

"You will stay here until summoned," said Pete, as he departed.

And here for an hour Young King Brady remained alone.

First a gong bell sounded sharply.

A great getting up the stairs followed.

Men could be heard shuffling about in the hall, and there was a lot of loud talking. Harry recognized the voices of several women among the rest.

Then there was singing, and after that Rapinsky's voice could be heard delivering a long address.

At the risk of being caught at it Harry started to listen at the keyhole, but he found it plugged with wood.

Very gently trying the door then, he found it bolted on the inner side.

So there was nothing for it but to wait patiently for developments, and at last Young King Brady's time came.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and two men wear-

ing black masks and carrying long staves came rushing into the room.

"A spy! A spy!" shouted one, seizing Harry roughly.

It was startling enough.

Not sure that it was part of the initiation, Young King Brady started to pull away when the other caught hold of him, and the two masks dragged him into the room.

Here there were some twenty men and five women gathered.

All wore black cloth masks, and the lights were turned low.

The man in the master's chair arose as they entered and struck three times on the table with his gavel.

"Brothers, whom have we here?" he demanded in Rapinsky's voice.

"A spy, caught lurking outside the door of the lodge," answered one of Harry's conductors.

Young King Brady was passive now.

He assumed that this rough introduction into the lodge-room was only part of the initiation, and if it was not so to resist would have been useless.

"A spy!" said the master, in a deep sepulchral voice, "Ha! This is a bad beginning. In our exalted order there is no place for spies and traitors. Brothers and sisters, what is your pleasure? How shall we deal with the spy?"

Then in chorus all answered:

"Burn him alive!"

"Burn him alive, but where and when?" demanded the master.

Again in chorus came the answer:

"In the valley of death, by the light of the full moon, that all may know how we deal with traitors and spies."

"Away with him!" cried Rapinsky. "Take him to the dungeon, that he may reflect upon his evil ways and repent while there is yet time. In three days the moon will be at the full. Then bring him to the valley of death, that he may meet his fate."

Harry was then conveyed to the anteroom and the door was closed.

"Were you scared, young feller?" asked one of the two masks then.

"It kind of took me off my feet, I must admit," replied Harry, with a laugh.

"You want to brace up to the rest of it, then, for this is only the beginning," replied the man.

"I presume there is no real danger of me being burned alive?"

The man laughed.

"Well, we would hardly build a fire in our lodge-room," he replied. "But don't ask any more questions, for I'm not answering them."

There was a brief wait, and then came a thundering knock on the door.

"Who comes here?" demanded Harry's guide, throwing the door back.

A figure robed in black wearing a mask to represent a grinning skull stood within.

"A messenger from the valley of death," he answered in deep, sepulchral tones.

"And what is the message from the valley of death?" demanded the conductor, and the following dialogue took place.

"The funeral pyre is prepared, and awaits the spy."

"Is such the order of our grand master?"

"Such is his order."

"Can no mercy be shown?"

"None without his supreme will. I am but a messenger of death. It is useless to appeal to me."

"And where is the grand master, that I, as counsellor for this unhappy wretch, may plead for mercy?"

"Absent on business for the good of our order."

"Is there no hope of his return?"

"Brother, as thou well knowest, he who rules us cometh and goeth like the wind as he listeth. That he may appear among us on the instant is possible; if so then plead for mercy, but for me there remains nothing but to obey the orders I have received."

The conductor then turned to Harry and said:

"Candidate, I have interceded for you, but in vain. You will now follow the messenger from the valley of death, inspired by the hope that our grand master may suddenly appear among us, as he often does. Then will I plead for you as you will plead for a brother of this order under like circumstances, should the forgiveness of the master haply be obtained, and you live to come among us as one of ourselves. Advance!"

During this dialogue Harry had perceived that the lodge-room was now illuminated by a soft, mellow radiance.

Passing in, the members chanting a dismal dirge as he advanced, he perceived that this light proceeded from two flat pieces of ground glass joined together and in form somewhat resembling the full moon.

This was suspended from the ceiling over what appeared to be the trunk of a small tree, which in some way had been fastened upright to the floor.

Near the tree was a bunch of straw and pieces of wood.

Harry was led to the stake, where a cord was passed around his waist and made fast to it.

The master's chair was vacant, and his gavel lay upon the table.

"Of course, Rapinsky will pop in at the last moment," thought Harry, "but this is hot stuff in the way of initiation, just the same."

The two guides now began heaping the straw around Young King Brady, piling the wood in with it.

All this time the dirge of the masks continued; such dismal singing Harry had never heard.

Suddenly they ceased, and the death-headed messenger who had taken himself off, now reappeared, carrying in his hand a flaming torch.

"The hour has come, and the punishment must be com-

pleted," he said in a dismal voice. "As you perceive, brothers, the grand master has not arrived, and——"

"Ha! Base wretch, thou liest!" cried the conductor. "The master is here!"

And there, sure enough, was Rapinsky in the chair, though how he got there Harry could never understand.

"Mercy! Mercy!" cried the conductor. "I plead for this unfortunate man!"

He had scarcely spoken when the whole building trembled.

For the instant Harry thought it was a part of the ceremony, but when the members broke into frightened cries of "Earthquake! Earthquake!" he knew better than that.

It was indeed one of those sharp earthquake shocks which every now and then hit San Francisco.

At the same moment the cord which held the false moon snapped, and the thing fell with a crash of broken glass directly upon the wood and straw at Harry's feet.

Instantly the pile burst into flame, while the anarchists, never heeding it, tumbled over themselves to escape from the room.

Even Rapinsky joined in the mad rush.

"Fire! Fire!" they shouted, as they went tumbling down the stairs, leaving poor Harry in the midst of the flames.

CHAPTER X.

OLD KING BRADY AT MARE ISLAND.

It was just at this most strenuous moment of Harry's initiation into the secrets of the anarchistic brotherhood that Old King Brady found himself again in the presence of Admiral Brown, but no earthquake shock was felt here.

"And now, brother," said the admiral, "let us come to an immediate understanding. We are alone here, and there is no danger of spies, for except two servants, both of whom I have sent away, I am the only person living in this house."

"I am ready," replied Old King Brady.

"Has the grand master instructed you in your work?"

"Not at all. He told me that you would do that."

"And I will. You know who I am?"

"I do not."

"But you know that I am not actually Admiral Brown?"

"I was so informed by Rapinsky."

"And it is a fact. I shall not tell you my name, for as you are aware, in our order we do not deal in names. Enough to say that I am a distant relation of the admiral, and that I am able to personate him here for two reasons: first because I am actually a naval officer, although my training was not had in this country, and second, owing to a very remarkable resemblance which exists between us. I have now been here several weeks, and not even the officers under me have suspected that I am other than I seem."

Old King Brady bowed.

"This I have done," continued the admiral, "for reasons that you know, for you were present at the meeting of the lodge when this matter was brought up and discussed. I can only say that the time has come to act. To-morrow night the final blow must be struck. The chief engineer has balked our purpose by discharging many men after the last failure. Among those thus discharged went all of our members among the mechanics, and I am helpless here as the case stands. You knew about the sending for the detectives, of course—the man you represent and his young partner?"

"Oh, yes," said Old King Brady. "Rapinsky told me about that."

"Then I need only add that they came last night, and they met their fate. This is known only to Captain Smith and two others of our order, who are still employed in the yard. We have still a few others here, but they are not among the workmen on the Arizona, and have no access to the battleship. It will be impossible for me to put our men in among the workmen, but you can go freely about the battleship day or night, as the Secretary of the Navy has issued a special order to that effect."

"I see. Then I am to do the job?"

"You are to place the dynamite, which you must arrange to have brought up here in a boat to-morrow night. I will arrange to have Cap Smith stand as guard to the water entrance to the yard on the side where the Arizona lies on the ways, and he will let you pass. Having got your boat in place, I myself will come out to you in another boat, and take you off. This will be done openly. Those with me will be members of our order—Smith's men, you understand."

"I see. And then?"

"Then we will walk openly through the yard together, and you will proceed to the Arizona, where you are supposed to go on the watch. And you will watch—for your opportunity to lift the dynamite over the side from your boat, and put it in place. It should all be done as early as nine o'clock, for the night watch goes on at half-past. Having done this, you will report to me. I shall do the rest."

"Then you intend to fire the train yourself?" asked Old King Brady quietly.

"Brother, I do, and having done it Admiral Brown will disappear forever. One less licensed murderer in the world."

The man spoke rapidly, fiercely, vindictively. It seemed to Old King Brady that he could almost read the light of madness in his eyes.

"I agree to it all, brother," he said quietly. "Show me my work, and it shall be done if it costs me my life."

Admiral Brown—we must still so style the villainous fellow for want of another name—seized the detective's hand and pressed it warmly.

"Enough has been said," he exclaimed. "You will now go with me and I will introduce you to Mr. McDonald, the chief engineer, who will show you about the ship. It was

his wish that you should come here at night and make your examination. He expected you last night, but you didn't come. Ha, ha! Well, he shall see you to-night. I shall leave you alone with him. As soon as you have finished I shall expect you to return immediately to Vallejo and there take the first train to Frisco. The regular ferryboat to the island has stopped running, but Mac will send you over. Once you get to Frisco see Rapinsky and make your arrangements. Impress upon his mind that he must not fail me. The job must be done to-morrow night. For this I have reasons—all powerful reasons—which I do not care to explain."

"It's all right, brother," said Old King Brady. "I understand perfectly."

"I'm glad you do," replied the admiral. "I'm very glad I happened to think of you. I was impressed by the speech you made in the lodge the other night. I put you down then for a man of unusual intelligence, and I know now that I have not been deceived. Come with me, please. As I shall not see you alone again until we meet in the lodge, I want to say to you now that my next call is to England, where I have an important mission to perform. Perhaps you would like to accompany me. There will be some money in the venture, which is more than we can say for this affair."

"I should very much," replied Old King Brady heartily.

"Are you a married man?"

"A widower."

"It is all the same, as long as you are not encumbered."

"That's my case."

"Good. We will talk it over further. I go right to New York after this. Can you go with me?"

"Certainly, if you will meet the expense."

"Willingly. Now come."

The admiral then led the way out into the navy yard, and took Old King Brady to a smaller house nearby.

Here the detective was introduced to chief engineer McDonald, a pleasant, gentlemanly person, who received him with every show of respect.

The admiral after a few dignified remarks, withdrew and left them together.

"Mr. Brady," said the engineer, "I am thankful you have come. "It is not my place to communicate personally with the Secretary of the Navy, and such is the red tape with which we are surrounded that any such communications would probably do little good. But you are needed here, my dear sir, more than you know."

"I have every reason to believe it, Mr. McDonald," replied the detective. "This is my first appearance at the navy yard, but I have been working on the case since yesterday, and——"

"You were to be here yesterday."

"Yes."

"Why did you not come, may I ask? The admiral was greatly disappointed."

Old King Brady arose and closed the door leading into the hall.

"Are we safe to speak in confidence, Mr. McDonald?" he asked.

"Yes; but don't let us talk here. Let us go to the Arizona now. We will talk as we go along."

"If it is safe here I prefer to talk here."

"Well, it is."

"Then, in answer to your remark that the admiral was greatly disappointed that I did not come yesterday I ask you what admiral?"

"Mr. Brady!"

"Ah, I read your thoughts."

"Admiral Brown, of course."

"Mr. McDonald, when did you last see Admiral Brown?"

With every show of agitation the chief engineer stepped to the door and looked out into the hall. Then, closing the door and locking it, he said in a whisper:

"Tell me honestly, Mr. Brady, do you really know anything? Can you prove anything? Is that man a fraud?"

"Mr. McDonald," replied Old King Brady, "I feel that I can trust you, otherwise I should not have spoken as I did."

"You can, sir! Have no fears on that score. I have been just longing to have a talk with you ever since I heard you were likely to come out here."

"Then let me tell you how the case stands. That man who has just left us is no more Admiral Brown than I am. He is by his own admission to me a desperate anarchist, whose only business at the Mare Island navy yard is to see that the new battleship Arizona is destroyed."

"I knew it!" breathed the engineer. "I told Captain Bates so, and he laughed at me, but I was never deceived."

"Who is Captain Bates?"

"The superintendent of the yard."

"Cut him out, say nothing to anybody of what you hear from me."

"I promise."

"Now tell me, when did you last see Admiral Brown?"

"It is more than two weeks ago, Mr. Brady. He was very bad then, and he left here to go to San Francisco and consult a doctor. Three days later this man appeared in his place. There is no denying that he looks exactly like the admiral in health, but Admiral Brown was not in health when he left here—hadn't been for some time. He was just as surely crazy as that you and I are looking at each other now."

"Through the use of opium?"

"So I have always suspected, but he drank hard, too. He was a wreck, Mr. Brady, a miserable wreck. This man tries to make out that he was cured all in a minute, and he keeps himself very close, and——"

"Do none of his brother officers suspect?"

"Who can tell, sir? They are all under him, and the etiquette of the navy would not permit them to criticize their superior officer to each other."

"Right; and we want nothing to do with them. You and I can handle this fellow alone. Now tell me, was it really the admiral who wrote those first letters to the Secretary of the Navy asking to have me and my partner sent out here?"

"It was. He showed me the letters, and if you have seen them you know they were the letters of a crazy man."

"I saw copies of them. The last letter was written by the false Admiral Brown, I suppose?"

"It was, I have no doubt; but of course I can't say."

"Why haven't you written to the Secretary of the Navy of your suspicions?"

"Mr. Brady, I wouldn't dare. I would have gone to Washington, but I did not dare to leave the ship for fear these wretches would accomplish their purpose. If you only knew what I have been through with! But for the close watch I have kept the Arizona would lie wrecked on the ways now."

"Cut it out. Listen to me, for our time is short," replied the old detective, and he went on to tell of the attempted murder of himself and Harry, and of his conversation with the false admiral that night.

Needless to say, Mr. McDonald listened to all this with intense interest.

To detail all that passed between Old King Brady and the chief engineer is impossible, as the conversation would occupy entirely too much space.

It is the same with the examination of the new battleship which followed.

Mr. McDonald took Old King Brady all over the Arizona.

The first thing which struck the detective was the small number of watchmen employed—there were only three.

The engineer explained that the force had been cut down that day by the admiral's orders.

"And he will arrange to cut them out altogether to-morrow night, and turn the ship over to me," said the old detective. "Well, we must make our arrangements now, for whatever is to be done must be done quickly, and there must be no hitch."

For more than an hour Mr. McDonald and the old detective talked, after which Old King Brady was sent across to Vallejo in a steam launch provided by the chief engineer.

By the time they parted they thoroughly understood one another.

"What we want to do with this fellow is to produce the admiral, and I think I can get him," Old King Brady said at parting. "Rest quiet and be very careful. I shall surely return to-morrow night. You may look for me any time after dark, for I hold a pass given me by our false admiral, and I can now enter the yard whenever I please."

Arriving at Vallejo Old King Brady took the midnight train to San Francisco, well satisfied with the results of his day's work.

CHAPTER XI.

READY TO CLOSE IN.

The fright of the anarchists and their hurried flight from the lodge room can only be understood by those who know the fear in which the ignorant stand of the slight earthquake shocks so often felt in and around San Francisco.

Although no serious damage has ever been done by earthquakes in the Golden City, everybody is looking for the time when there will be a general wreck.

At all events, Harry found himself deserted, with the flames creeping up around him.

But all that we have described at such length actually consumed but a minute in the happening.

The next and Young King Brady had cut the cord which bound him, and was trampling out the flames.

And this he was doing when two men rushed into the room.

One was evidently the proprietor of the lager beer saloon, and the other his bartender.

Both carried buckets of water.

"Oh, you have got it out! Good! Good!" cried the saloonkeeper, dashing the contents of his pail upon the still smoking straw.

"Out! Of course it is out," replied Harry. "It seems that I was the only one of the bunch who wasn't scared off."

"That's what," growled the saloonkeeper, and he added a few pungent remarks about the members of the lodge.

"But you better go, too," he said. "The alarm has been turned in. It won't do for any of the members to be found here. And look! What about her? What shall I do?"

Now for the first time Harry perceived that a masked woman lay stretched upon the floor in one corner of the room.

Evidently she had fainted from fright.

"Get her out! Get her out!" cried the saloonkeeper. Take her away through the alley. None of you people must be found here when the police come."

Harry ran to the woman's side and shook her up.

"I can't rouse her!" he cried. "Here, young fellow, help me carry her down into the alley. The air will revive her and then we will sneak out the back way."

"Go!" said the saloonkeeper, and the young bartender flew to help.

Nor were they an instant too soon.

The alley led through to a street in the rear.

Harry and the bartender had just laid the woman down when two policemen went dashing up the outside steps, and the rattle of the fire engine was heard in the street.

"The fire is all out, gents! It's all out!" Harry heard the saloonkeeper call.

"Look here," said the bartender, "she's opening her eyes now. Can you take care of her?"

"Yes."

"I must get back and help the old man."

"All right. Go ahead."

"And say, I know you now. You're the candidate. Let me give you a pointer. Don't you come back here without Pete Rapinsky; there'll be hot stuff in yours if you do, for we haven't got the word about you yet."

"All right," said Harry. "I'm stopping with Pete. You needn't be afraid of any trouble from me."

The bartender took himself off, and Harry turned to the woman.

Already he had sized up the case as one of something more than common fright.

"This woman is deeply doped," he said to himself. "My, but she has been a beauty in her day!"

They had removed the mask when they first laid the woman down in the alley, and there she lay staring at Harry.

She was all dressed, but there was a slovenliness about her appearance which together with the glassy look in her eyes told the story but too plainly.

Harry bent over her and took her gently by the arm.

"Come, sister," he said. "It is all over. The police are in the lodge room. You want to stand on your feet now. We must be getting out of this or we shall be pulled in!"

The word police was enough.

"I'll go," replied the woman thickly, and with Harry's assistance she scrambled to her feet.

"I'm sick, brother," she said. "Let me hold on to your arm. You'll see me home, won't you? You won't desert me in the street."

Now, to be tied to a female hop-fiend was not a very pleasant prospect, but Harry could not refuse.

"After all, it probably won't take long to see her home," he thought. "I'm free from Rapinsky, and now I can connect with the Governor again if he still lives."

So he led the woman through to the other street, and they kept on to the corner.

Here Harry discovered that they were on Braxton street near 4th, and he knew that he would have no difficulty in locating the lodgeroom again.

The walking seemed to revive the woman some, but she was nevertheless in pretty bad shape.

"Where do you live?" inquired Harry.

"Never mind," said the woman. "I know you now. You are the candidate. I mustn't talk."

"But how am I going to take you home if I don't know where you live?"

"Let me think. I don't want to go home."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Let me think. Let me think."

"You have been taking morphine?"

"Yes."

"But you were all right in the lodge."

"No, I wasn't. It was coming on. I've had an overdose, I'm afraid. I don't know what I shall do."

"Do you want me to tell you? Will you do as I say?"

"What do you know about it? Are you a doctor?"

"Something of one."

"What shall I do?"

"Come with me to a restaurant and drink a cup of strong black coffee. That is the best remedy in the world for an overdose of morphine."

"Yes, yes. That's so. I know now. Well, come."

Keeping tight hold of the woman's arm, Harry walked her along 4th street, and soon had her seated in a little restaurant.

It was a mere beanery, and no attention was paid to them. The coffee was hot and for a wonder good.

The woman seemed to take to it, and drank two cups.

The effect was rapid. In a few minutes she was quite herself again.

"What a fool I was to take that last pill," she said. "I came near putting myself out of business, didn't I now?"

"That's what you did. You had better let the stuff alone in future."

"Let it alone! Oh, if I only could! But I'm long past that."

"Do you smoke?"

"Sure. I live on hop."

"More's the pity."

"Don't lecture me. Take me home."

"I thought you said you didn't want to go home?"

"I've changed my mind. I left my husband sick and I must go to him."

"Oh, you are a married woman, then."

"Of course I am. You would be rather surprised if you knew who my husband was."

"All right. Surprise me."

"No, I won't. I'm not talking; but say, I'm awfully obliged to you. What's your name?"

"Oh, I've got no secrets to keep as yet," laughed Young King Brady. "My name is Harry Jones."

"I'd like to tell you mine, but I can't, for it's against the rules. However, I'll tell you my first name, and that is Julie. After you get initiated you may come and see me, but that may be some time."

"Why?"

"Oh, we shall never meet in that room again, I suppose. Once the attention of the police is called to our meeting place Pete Rapinsky has no further use for it. But here I am talking lodge business to a stranger, and that won't do. I wish we had a cab. I don't feel a bit like walking."

"I'll get one," said Harry. "Where shall I tell the driver?"

The woman gave a number on Broadway street, and there Harry took her in the cab.

It was just a plain furnished-room house in a semi-respectable neighborhood.

Here Julie bid Harry good-night, but before reaching the steps of the house she turned back.

"Say, are you going to use this cab?" she asked.

"No, I'm not," replied Harry. "I'm stopping with

Pete on Eddy street, and I had rather walk there than ride."

"Then let the driver wait. Mebbe I'll want to use it myself."

"Look here, you are not going to any hop joint? You run the risk of your life if you do."

"My life!" replied the woman with a sneering laugh. "What does it amount to?" and away she went, passing into the house.

Harry paid the cab driver and walked to the corner, where he waited to see the end of the affair.

Julie was gone about fifteen minutes.

Then the door opened, and she reappeared accompanied by a man.

There was an electric light burning in front of a saloon a little further down, and this made the street so bright that Harry was able to get a good look at the man.

He was tall and thin, and walked with a trembling gait like one afflicted with palsy.

"Another opium fiend, surest thing," thought Harry. "Well, it is none of my affair. I must get around to the Russ House and see if the Governor has turned up. It's a shame about that fire. It has spoiled all my plans."

He was still watching as these thoughts passed through his mind, and now Julie was helping her trembling companion to enter the cab.

As she did so the man's face was turned toward Young King Brady.

And in that moment Harry recognized him.

"Heavens!" he gasped. "It is Admiral Brown!"

But the recognition came too late, for the cabby whipped up instantly, and off they flew.

"It certainly was either the admiral or his double," thought Harry. "And a double it must have been. The Governor was right! That was not Admiral Brown who attacked us on the tug."

Harry hurried after the cab, going on the run as much as he dared, but he soon lost sight of it on Dupont street.

He kept on, however, and was fortunate enough to get a glimpse of it again.

The cab then was in the act of pulling away from Wing High's opium joint, one of the most notorious of its kind in Chinatown.

"There! That ends my work. Now for the Russ House," thought Harry. "At all events, I know their hangout, but I must look after the Governor now. Heavens! What shall I do if he is dead?"

And, indeed, Harry was all of a tremble when upon entering the Russ House he put the question to the clerk.

Was Old King Brady in his room?

"No, he isn't," replied the clerk. "He left here about half-past three."

It was relief unspeakable to hear these words.

Harry could hardly keep from showing his excitement.

"I suppose he didn't leave any word?" he asked.

"Yes, he did. Now you speak of it there is a letter in

the box for you. Old King Brady asked me to give it to you as soon as you came in," the clerk replied.

Harry fairly clutched at the letter, and went to the reading room and sat down.

"You can't kill him," he muttered. "It is no use. The man bears a charmed life; but how in the world did he manage to escape?"

He tore open the letter and read as follows:

"Dear Harry: Yours was duly received. I am thankful that you have escaped. I had a tough time of it, but I still live. When you receive this go straight to the room and wait for me to come if you can possibly do so without interfering with your plans.—O. K. B."

"P. S.—You are mistaken about the admiral. The man we met is undoubtedly a fraud."

There was nothing to hinder carrying out orders, so Harry not only went to the room, but undressed and turned in, being much fatigued with all he had been through.

Harry was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow, and he knew no more until when somewhere along toward morning he was suddenly awakened by hearing his name called in the familiar voice of his chief.

It was Old King Brady come at last.

The meeting which followed was a joyful one.

Day was just dawning when the detectives finished comparing notes, and each understood what the other had been about.

"And while you think you have done nothing, Harry," said Old King Brady at last, "I consider that your work has been fully as important as my own. We are now right on the tipping point, and whether it is to be success or failure depends upon ourselves."

"And what's the programme?" asked Harry. "How are you going to get next to Rapinsky? He'll see through your game surest thing."

"That's it, and without him we can do nothing. But I didn't tell you I had a letter from the false Admiral Brown telling him that I had his, the admiral's orders, and that he, Rapinsky, was to do just what I said. Of course, I can't pass as a brother of the anarchist society to Rapinsky, and that's where the rub comes in."

"I don't know about that," replied Harry. "I think you can. He distinctly told me that the members are very little acquainted with each other, that they are always masked when they meet in lodge. All you have to do is to pretend that you are a member from some other city, and your letter will do the rest."

"It is the very thing," said Old King Brady. "And you take a great load off my mind. Well, I shall work on those lines; and now about the real Admiral Brown. Mr. McDonald tells me that there is to be a dinner of officers at the navy yard to-night, given by our fake admiral. Undoubtedly he intends to improve the opportunity to blow up the Arizona. I am to notify him as soon as the train is set and

the dynamite placed. If we could only manage to have the real admiral on hand we might surprise those officers. It would be the very way to trap him. To expose him before them all in such a way that there could be no mistake."

"I might shadow the house and take my chances of getting hold of him."

"It is the only way, and you'd better do it. But whatever you do be at the navy yard by eight o'clock. Here is a pass from Mr. McDonald, and I had it made out for Mr. White and friend, for I did not know but I might want to bring in a couple of officers. You can use it, and bring the admiral with you if you think best. Of course, everything will depend upon what condition you find him in, if you succeed in getting next to him at all."

Here the Bradys were interrupted by a knock on the door, and a bell-boy handed in a despatch.

"This is from Secretary Slocomb," said Old King Brady. "I wired him from Vallejo asking what disposition I should make of the chief criminal in this case if he proved to be an ex-naval officer of high rank."

"And what does he say?" inquired Harry.

"Turn him over secretly to the U. S. marshal, San Francisco," replied Old King Brady, reading the despatch.

CHAPTER. XII.

CONCLUSION.

The Bradys parted directly after breakfast.

Old King Brady proceeded to the Eddy street house, rang the bell, and inquired for Mr. Rapinsky.

"He is in," said the woman who answered the ring. "But he is not up yet. I don't think he will see you. He never sees anyone, but you can send up your name."

"That will do no good, for he does not know me," said Old King Brady, producing the letter given him by the false Admiral Brown. "My business is very important. This will explain it. Take the letter up to him, please."

The woman took the letter and shut the door in Old King Brady's face.

She was back in a moment, however, with word that if the gentleman would excuse Mr. Rapinsky's being in bed he would see him at once.

And so Old King Brady was ushered into the presence of the anarchist leader.

The instant the door was closed the old detective made use of the pass-words which had worked so well with the false Admiral Brown.

There was no trouble.

Rapinsky was completely hoodwinked.

He accepted Old King Brady's statement that he was a member of a Chicago lodge, and did not ask his name.

He laughed heartily at the detective's supposed disguise.

"You look just like Old King Brady as I saw him once in New York," he said, "only he doesn't wear any mustache."

He informed Old King Brady that the dynamite was

stored in a hut up the bay not far from Mare Island—evidently the hut to which Harry went—and the hour of arrival at the navy yard was named.

"I shall meet your boat with another," the detective then said. "You and your friends had better adopt a naval disguise. Are you prepared for that?"

"Oh, yes," replied Rapinsky. "I've got an officer's suit, and one of my partners has another. Then we have sailor's suits. I was one of those who worked on the Arizona. It was I who fixed the crane which broke—very likely your friend the admiral told you of that."

"Yes, he told me all about it," replied Old King Brady. "Then you will certainly be on hand?"

"I will if I am a living man," replied Rapinsky, and they parted then.

Old King Brady went up on Broadway street, and found Harry shadowing the house, and pretty well tired of his job.

Harry's wait was a long one, but it came to an end at last, for shortly after one the woman Julie left the house and hurried off down the Broadway street hill.

Harry was at the door the instant she was out of sight.

His ring was answered by a woman, who in response to his inquiry for Mr. West, simply said:

"Second floor, back room."

He bounded up the stairs and knocked on the door. There was no response.

Trying it, Harry found the door open, and he pushed his way into a darkened room, where the man he had seen the night before lay stretched upon a lounge asleep.

"Admiral Brown!" cried Harry, shaking him by the shoulder, "wake up!"

The man opened his glassy eyes and stared.

"Who are you?" he demanded feebly. "Where is my wife?"

"Admiral Brown," said Harry, displaying his shield, "your wife has fled. I am an officer. I am here to notify you that another is personating you at the Mare Island navy yard. Rouse yourself, man! Assert your dignity—your rights! Come with me!"

"I—I can't. I am very sick," replied the trembling wretch. "I—I—oh, it is Dick Brown, my cousin. A renegade officer dismissed from the British navy. How—how long—how—"

"How long since you left the navy yard? Over two weeks, sir. Come with me. I am Young King Brady, one of the detectives for whom you sent. Come! The honor of your name requires it. Come now."

With an immense effort Admiral Brown rose to his feet and drew himself up proudly.

"I will go!" he said. "But it will cost me my life. I see it all now. Oh, how basely I have been deceived."

"Come, sir," said Harry gently. "Come! I have a cab all ready. Come and help us save the Arizona, for that man and his anarchist friends mean to blow her up to-night."

Without answering the admiral tottered across the room, and putting on a hat, clutched Harry's arm.

* * * * *

"Brady, here I am!"

It was evening again.

Once more Old King Brady was at the Mare Island navy yard. He was standing at the water stairs, and Harry was at his side.

As the sailor approached them they were talking of Admiral Brown.

"Mr. McDonald, you are made up fine," whispered the old detective. "I doubt if your own wife would recognize you as you are now."

"You are very good to say so," replied the chief engineer, for he it was. "I simply followed your directions, and I am glad you are pleased."

"How did you leave the admiral?"

"Very weak. I gave him the morphine pill you prescribed, and his Japanese valet is looking after him. I think he will be able to put it through."

"His days are numbered," said Old King Brady. "What a fool that man was to so throw his life away. Did the valet get the old uniform?"

"Yes, he did."

"Good. I only hope its loss is not discovered."

The Bradys and Mr. McDonald now entered a launch which lay at the water stairs.

They pulled off and came out beyond the ways, and under the stern of the Arizona, which now lay unguarded, for the watchmen, just before dusk, had been called off by the false admiral, and sent to Vallejo on trumped-up errands.

"The time is about up," remarked Old King Brady, consulting his watch. "When the boat comes, Harry, you keep your head turned away, so that Rapinsky may not recognize you till the last moment."

"I think that they are coming now," said the chief engineer. "Isn't that a boat pulling around the corner of the dry dock?"

"It certainly is," replied Old King Brady. "Our time has come. Harry, how many men do you make in her?"

"Three," replied Young King Brady. "I can see them plain enough."

"Then we are evenly matched," said the old detective. The boat approached with muffled oars.

As the boat drew near Mr. McDonald at a signal from the old detective started the launch and ran into the open.

At the same instant Old King Brady called out the password, which was responded to by Rapinsky in the usual way.

"Got it?" called the old detective in a low voice.

"It's O. K.," replied Rapinsky.

"Stay where you are. We will come to you," was the reply.

But just then by a swing of the launch Harry's face came into full view of an electric light from a storehouse.

Instantly Rapinsky sprang to his feet.

"What's this? How came that fellow with you?" he cried.

"Forward!" shouted Old King Brady.

Mr. McDonald gave the launch impetus enough to send her up against the boat, and then stopped her and seized a boat-hook, while Harry whipped out a revolver.

The man in the bow of Rapinsky's boat, who wore a sailor's suit, clubbed his oar, while the one astern, who like Rapinsky wore an officer's cap, sprang up too, as did Old King Brady himself.

The boats came together and the attack was made.

Old King Brady seized the man amidships, who struck at him with a mallet, while the man in the bow struck at Harry with an oar.

It was Rapinsky whom Old King Brady had grappled with.

"Shoot, Harry, and shoot to kill!" cried the old detective.

At the same instant, getting a good grip on Rapinsky, he dragged him into the launch, while Mr. McDonald struck the sailor senseless with his boat-hook.

Rapinsky's companion, whom Harry recognized as Bill Bannoch, unable to prevent Old King Brady's action, now sprang overboard, and swam off into the darkness, followed by Harry's shots.

"We win!" cried Old King Brady, planting his foot on Rapinsky. "Thus ends the first act. Now for the second and our job is done!"

* * * * *

In the dining-room of Admiral Brown's headquarters all the naval officers connected with the Mare Island navy yard were seated around a long table, dining in state.

The occasion was a stag party given by the admiral.

The last course had been removed, and the wine had been brought on.

Glass in hand, Admiral Brown rose to propose a toast.

"Gentlemen," he began, "this is an occasion which demands——"

So far the admiral got in his speech, and no further, for at the same instant there came sounds of a scuffle in the hall outside.

"Out of the way!" a deep voice shouted, and on the instant the door flew open and four men entered the room.

They were Old King Brady, Young King Brady, Mr. McDonald in uniform, and a fourth man also in uniform—the uniform of an admiral in the United States navy.

In an instant every guest was upon his feet, while the host, staggering back clutched at his chair with a face as pale as death.

"What means this intrusion?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Gentlemen!" cried Old King Brady, pointing to the tottering figure supported by Harry and the chief engineer, "let me introduce you to Admiral Brown, and brand that villain standing there as a fake and a fraud."

"Yes I—I am Admiral Brown," spoke the opium fiend. "That fellow is——"

Another speech cut short!

The admiral's eyes closed, his limbs tottered.

"This is death!" he gasped, and sank lifeless at Old King Brady's feet.

* * * * *

Once more the Bradys had won out.

But their triumph was very incomplete.

Admiral Brown was actually dead, and leaving his brother officers to care for him, the Bradys pounced upon the counterfeit admiral and safely landed him in the United States marshal's hands.

And yet he escaped.

It happened while the marshal was taking him to court for preliminary examination, but just how the Bradys were never able to learn.

The marshal was removed, and there the matter dropped. It never even got into the papers.

To this day Old King Brady believes that the marshal acted under orders from someone higher up.

All that was made public was the fact that Admiral Brown dropped dead at a dinner in his house on Mare Island.

Rapinsky and his captured companion, who proved to be the man Fritz Stein, were tried, convicted, and sentenced for bringing dynamite into the navy yard.

With the anarchists the Bradys did not trouble themselves, nor did they search for the woman Julie, but through Mr. McDonald they learned that the woman really was the wife of Admiral Brown, divorced years before.

Doubtless he met her in the opium joints by prearrangement.

The Bradys were called off their work by a telegram from—well, from one higher up.

Admiral Brown had a great funeral, being buried with full naval honors, so there you are.

What could the detectives say or do?

Nothing except to send in their bill.

It was promptly paid, and the Arizona was finished in due time and safely launched.

Thus ended the remarkable case of the Bradys and Admiral Brown.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND 'MADAME MILLIONS'; OR, THE CASE OF THE WALL STREET QUEEN," which will be the next number (325) of "Secret Service."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

Life in the Open Air will Add Twenty Years to your Span.



THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY



BE STRONG!

BE HEALTHY!

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 9.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY'S PROTÉGÉ; OR, JACK WINSTON, GREAT LITTLE ATHLETE.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."







THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY







By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR"

This is the only library of games and sports published. Physical training described in fascinating stories

 **A 32-PAGE BOOK FOR 5 CENTS** 

Each number complete in a handsome colored cover. A new one is issued every Friday. Do not fail to read them

 **BE STRONG**   **BE HEALTHY** 

These intensely interesting stories describe the adventures of Frank Manley, a plucky young athlete, who tries to excel in all kinds of games and pastimes. Each number contains a story of manly sports, replete with lively incidents, dramatic situations and a sparkle of humor. Every popular game will be featured in the succeeding stories, such as baseball, skating, wrestling, etc. Not only are these stories the very best, but they teach you how to become strong and healthy. You can learn to become a trained athlete by reading the valuable information on physical culture they contain. From time to time the wonderful Japanese methods of self-protection, called Jiu-Jitsu, will be explained. A page is devoted to advice on healthy exercises, and questions on athletic subjects are cheerfully answered by the author "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."      

ALREADY PUBLISHED :

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Frank Manley's Start in Athletics; or, "The Up-and-at-'em Boys." | 7 Frank Manley's 'Cross Country; or, Tod Owen's Great Hare and Hounds Chase. |
| 2 Frank Manley's Great Wrestling Bout; or, What the Jap Taught "The Up-and-at-'em Boys." | 8 Frank Manley's Human Ladder; or, The Quickest Climb on Record. |
| 3 Frank Manley's Ice King; or, The Fastest Craft on Runners. | 9 Frank Manley's Protege; or, Jack Winston, Great Little Athlete. |
| 4 Frank Manley's Knack at Curling; or, The Greatest Ice Game on Record. | 10 Frank Manley's Off Day; or, The Greatest Strain in His Career. |
| 5 Frank Manley's Hockey Game; or, Up Against a Low Trick. | |
| 6 Frank Manley's Handicap; or, Fighting the Bradfords in Their Gym. | |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, New York.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

By **HARRY MOORE.**

These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter, bound in a beautiful colored cover.

LATEST ISSUES:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 154 The Liberty Boys and the Fire Fiend; or, A New Kind of Battle. | 188 The Liberty Boys' Indian Decoy; or, The Flight on Quaker Hill. |
| 155 The Liberty Boys in Quakertown; or, Making Things Lively in Philadelphia. | 189 The Liberty Boys Afloat; or, Sailing With Paul Jones. |
| 156 The Liberty Boys and the Gypsies; or, A Wonderful Surprise. | 190 The Liberty Boys in Mohawk Valley; or, Fighting Redcoats, Tories and Indians. |
| 157 The Liberty Boys' Flying Artillery; or "Liberty or Death." | 191 The Liberty Boys Left Behind; or, Alone in the Enemy's Country. |
| 158 The Liberty Boys Against the Red Demons; or, Fighting the Indian Raiders. | 192 The Liberty Boys at Augusta; or, 'Way Down in Georgia. |
| 159 The Liberty Boys' Gunners; or, The Bombardment of Monmouth. | 193 The Liberty Boys' Swamp Camp; or, Fighting and Hiding. |
| 160 The Liberty Boys and Lafayette; or, Helping the Young French General. | 194 The Liberty Boys in Gotham; or, Daring Work in the Great City. |
| 161 The Liberty Boys' Grit; or, The Bravest of the Brave. | 195 The Liberty Boys and Kosciusko; or, The Fight at Great Falls. |
| 162 The Liberty Boys at West Point; or, Helping to Watch the Redcoats. | 196 The Liberty Boys' Girl Scout; or, Fighting Butler's Rangers. |
| 163 The Liberty Boys' Terrible Tussle; or, Fighting to a Finish. | 197 The Liberty Boys at Budd's Crossing; or, Hot Work in Cold Weather. |
| 164 The Liberty Boys and "Light Horse Harry"; or, Chasing the British Dragoons. | 198 The Liberty Boys' Raft; or, Floating and Fighting. |
| 165 The Liberty Boys in Camp; or, Working for Washington. | 199 The Liberty Boys at Albany; or, Saving General Schuyler |
| 166 The Liberty Boys and Mute Mart; or, The Deaf and Dumb Spy. | 200 The Liberty Boys Good Fortune; or, Sent on Secret Service. |
| 167 The Liberty Boys at Trenton; or, The Greatest Christmas ever Known. | 201 The Liberty Boys at Johnson's Mill; or, A Hard Grist to Grind. |
| 168 The Liberty Boys and General Gates; or, The Disaster at Camden. | 202 The Liberty Boys' Warning; or, A Tip that Came in Time. |
| 169 The Liberty Boys at Brandywine; or, Fighting Fiercely for Freedom. | 203 The Liberty Boys with Washington; or, Hard Times at Valley Forge. |
| 170 The Liberty Boys' Hot Campaign; or, The Warmest Work on Record. | 204 The Liberty Boys after Brant; or, Chasing the Indian Raiders. |
| 171 The Liberty Boys' Awkward Squad; or, Breaking in New Recruits. | 205 The Liberty Boys at Red Bank; or, Routing the Hessians. |
| 172 The Liberty Boys' Fierce Finish; or, Holding Out to the End. | 206 The Liberty Boys and the Riflemen; or, Helping all They Could. |
| 173 The Liberty Boys at Forty Fort; or, The Battle of Pocono Mountain. | 207 The Liberty Boys at the Mischianza; or, Good-by to General Howe. |
| 174 The Liberty Boys as Swamp Rats; or, Keeping the Redcoats Worried. | 208 The Liberty Boys and Pulaski; or, The Polish Patriot. |
| 175 The Liberty Boys' Death March; or, The Girl of the Regiment. | 209 The Liberty Boys at Hanging Rock; or, The "Carolina Game Cock." |
| 176 The Liberty Boys' Only Surrender, And Why it was Done. | 210 The Liberty Boys on the Pedee; or, Maneuvering with Marion. |
| 177 The Liberty Boys and Flora McDonald; or, After the Hessians. | 211 The Liberty Boys at Guilford Courthouse; or, A Defeat that Proved a Victory. |
| 178 The Liberty Boys' Drum Corps; or, Fighting for the Starry Flag. | 212 The Liberty Boys at Sanders' Creek; or, The Error of General Gates. |
| 179 The Liberty Boys and the Gun Maker; or, The Battle of Stony Point. | 213 The Liberty Boys on a Raid; or, Out with Colonel Brown. |
| 180 The Liberty Boys as Night Owls; or, Great Work after Dark. | 214 The Liberty Boys at Gowanus Creek; or, For Liberty and Independence. |
| 181 The Liberty Boys and the Girl Spy; or, Fighting Tryon's Raiders. | 215 The Liberty Boys' Skirmish; or, At Green Spring Plantation. |
| 182 The Liberty Boys' Masked Battery; or, The Burning of Kingston. | 216 The Liberty Boys and the Governor; or, Tryon's Conspiracy. |
| 183 The Liberty Boys and Major Andre; or, Trapping the British Messenger. | 217 The Liberty Boys in Rhode Island; or, Doing Duty Down East. |
| 184 The Liberty Boys in District 96; or, Surrounded by Redcoats. | 218 The Liberty Boys After Tarleton; or, Bothering the "Butcher." |
| 185 The Liberty Boys and the Sentinel; or, The Capture of Fort Washington. | 219 The Liberty Boys' Daring Dash; or, Death Before Defeat. |
| 186 The Liberty Boys on the Hudson; or, Working on the Water. | 220 The Liberty Boys and the Mutineers; or, Helping "Mad Anthony." |
| 187 The Liberty Boys at Germantown; or, Good Work in a Good Cause. | 221 The Liberty Boys Out West; or, The Capture of Vincennes. |
| | 222 The Liberty Boys at Princeton; or, Washington's Narrow Escape. |
| | 223 The Liberty Boys Heartbroken; or, The Desertion of Dick. |
| | 224 The Liberty Boys in the Highlands; or, Working along the Hudson. |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR— Enclosed find..... cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
..... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

THE STAGE.

No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. MULDOON'S JOKES.—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. HOW TO COOK.—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. HOW TO PLAY CARDS.—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro, Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. HOW TO DO PUZZLES.—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of hardkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE. is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfraw.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

LATEST ISSUES:

- 247 The Bradys and the Texas Rangers; or, Rounding up the Green Goods Fakirs.
248 The Bradys and "Simple Sue"; or, The Keno Queen of Sawdust City.
249 The Bradys and the Wall Street Wizard; or, the Cash That Did Not Come.
250 The Bradys and Cigarette Charlie; or, the Smoothest Crook in the World.
251 The Bradys at Bandit Gulch; or, From Wall Street to the Far West.
252 The Bradys in the Foot-Hills; or, The Blue Band of Hard Luck Gulch.
253 The Bradys and Brady the Banker; or, The Secret of the Old Santa Fe Trail.
254 The Bradys' Graveyard Clue; or, Dealings With Doctor Death.
255 The Bradys and "Lonely Luke"; or, The Hard Gang of Hard-scrabble.
256 The Bradys and Tombstone Tom; or, A Hurry Call from Arizona.
257 The Bradys' Backwoods Trail; or, Landing the Log Rollers Gang.
258 The Bradys and "Joe Jinger"; or, The Clew in the Convict Camp.
259 The Bradys at Madman's Roost; or, A Clew from the Golden Gate.
260 The Bradys and the Border Band; or, Six Weeks' Work Along the Line.
261 The Bradys in Sample City; or, The Gang of the Silver Seven.
262 The Bradys' Mott Street Mystery; or, The Case of Mrs. Ching Chow.
263 The Bradys' Black Butte Raid; or, Trailing the Idaho "Terror."
264 The Bradys and Jockey Joe; or, Crooked Work at the Racetrack.
265 The Bradys at Kicking Horse Canyon; or, Working for the Canadian Pacific.
266 The Bradys and "Black Jack"; or, Tracking the Negro Crooks.
267 The Bradys' Wild West Clew; or, Knocking About Nevada.
268 The Bradys' Dash to Deadwood; or, A Mystery of the Black Hills.
269 The Bradys and "Humpy Hank"; or, The Silver Gang of Shasta.
270 The Bradys and Dr. Dockery; or, The Secret Band of Seven.
271 The Bradys' Western Raid; or, Trailing A "Bad" Man to Texas.
272 The Bradys at Fort Yuma; or, The Mix-up with the "King of Mexico."
273 The Bradys and the Bond King; or, Working on a Wall Street Case.
274 The Bradys and Fakir Fred; or, The Mystery of the County Fair.
275 The Bradys' California Call; or, Hot Work in Hangtown.
276 The Bradys' Million Dollar Camp; or, Rough Times in Rattlesnake Canyon.
277 The Bradys and the Black Hounds; or, The Mystery of the Midas Mine.
278 The Bradys Up Bad River; or, After the Worst Man of All.
279 The Bradys and "Uncle Hiram"; or, Hot Work with a Hayseed Crook.
280 The Bradys and Kid King; or, Tracking the Arizona Terror.
281 The Bradys' Chicago Clew; or, Exposing the Board of Trade Crooks.
282 The Bradys and Silver King; or, After the Man of Mystery.
283 The Bradys' Hard Struggle; or, The Search for the Missing Fingers.
284 The Bradys in Sunflower City; or, After "Bad" Man Brown.
285 The Bradys and "Wild Bill"; or, The Sharp Gang of Sundown.
286 The Bradys in the Saddle; or, Chasing "Broncho Bill."
287 The Bradys and the Mock Millionaire; or, The Trail which Led to Tuxedo.
288 The Bradys' Wall Street Trail; or, The Matter of X-Y-Z.
289 The Bradys and the Bandits' Gold; or, Secret Work in the Southwest.
290 The Bradys and Captain Thunderbolt; or, Daring Work in Death Valley.
291 The Bradys' Trip to Chinatown; or, Trailing an Opium Fiend.
292 The Bradys and Diamond Dan; or, The Mystery of the John Street Jewels.
293 The Bradys on Badman's Island; or, Trapping the Texas "Terror."
294 The Bradys and the Hop Hitters; or, Among the Opium Fiends of Frisco.
295 The Bradys and "Boston Ben"; or, Tracking a Trickster to Tennessee.
296 The Bradys' Latest "Bad" Man; or, The Case of Idaho Ike.
297 The Bradys and the Wall Street "Wonder"; or, The Keen Detectives' Quick Case.
298 The Bradys' Call to Kansas; or, The Matter of Marshal Mundy.
299 The Bradys and Old Bill Battle; or, After the Colorado Coiners.
300 The Bradys and the Man from Wall Street; or, The Strange Disappearance of Captain Carew.
301 The Bradys and Big Bart Brown; or, Trapping the "Terror" of Toddlerton.
302 The Bradys and the "Frisco Fakirs; or, The Boy Who was Lost in Chinatown.
303 The Bradys and "Klondike Kate"; or, The Hurry Call from Dawson.
304 The Bradys and "Pullman Pete"; or, The Mystery of the Chicago Special.
305 The Bradys and the Wall Street Prince; or, The Boy Who Broke the Brokers.
306 The Bradys and the "Belle of Bolton"; or, The Search for the Lost Frisco Liner.
307 The Bradys and the Bingo Boys; or, The Trail that Led to Hangtown.
308 The Bradys and the Broker's Club; or, Solving a Wall Street Mystery.
309 The Bradys and "Bad Buzzard"; or, The Fight for the Five Forks Mine.
310 The Bradys and the Chinese Prince; or, The Latest Mott Street Mystery.
311 The Bradys and the Man From Tombstone; or, After the "King of Arizona."
312 The Bradys and Hop Toy; or, Working for the Mayor of Chinatown.
313 The Bradys and the Copper King; or, The Mystery of the Montague Mine.
314 The Bradys and "Bullion Bill"; or, The Mystery of Mill No. 13.
315 The Bradys in Joliet; or, The Strange Case of Jeweler James.
316 The Bradys and "Roaring Rube"; or, Rounding up the "Terror" of Ten Mile Creek.
317 The Bradys and the Boss of Broad Street; or, The Case of the "King of the Curb."
318 The Bradys Desert Trail; or, Lost on the Deadman's Run.
319 The Bradys and the Opium Syndicate; or, After the "Marquis" of Mott Street.
320 The Bradys and "General Jinks"; or, After the Card Crooks of the Katy Flyer.
321 The Bradys and the Man with the "Barrel"; or, Working for the Prince of Wall Street.
322 The Bradys and "Bedrock Bill"; or, The "Deadmen" from Deadwood.
323 The Bradys and the "King" of Chicago; or, The Man Who Cornered Corn.
324 The Bradys and Admiral Brown; or, Working for the United States Navy.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find..... cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
.... " " BLUE AND GRAY WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....